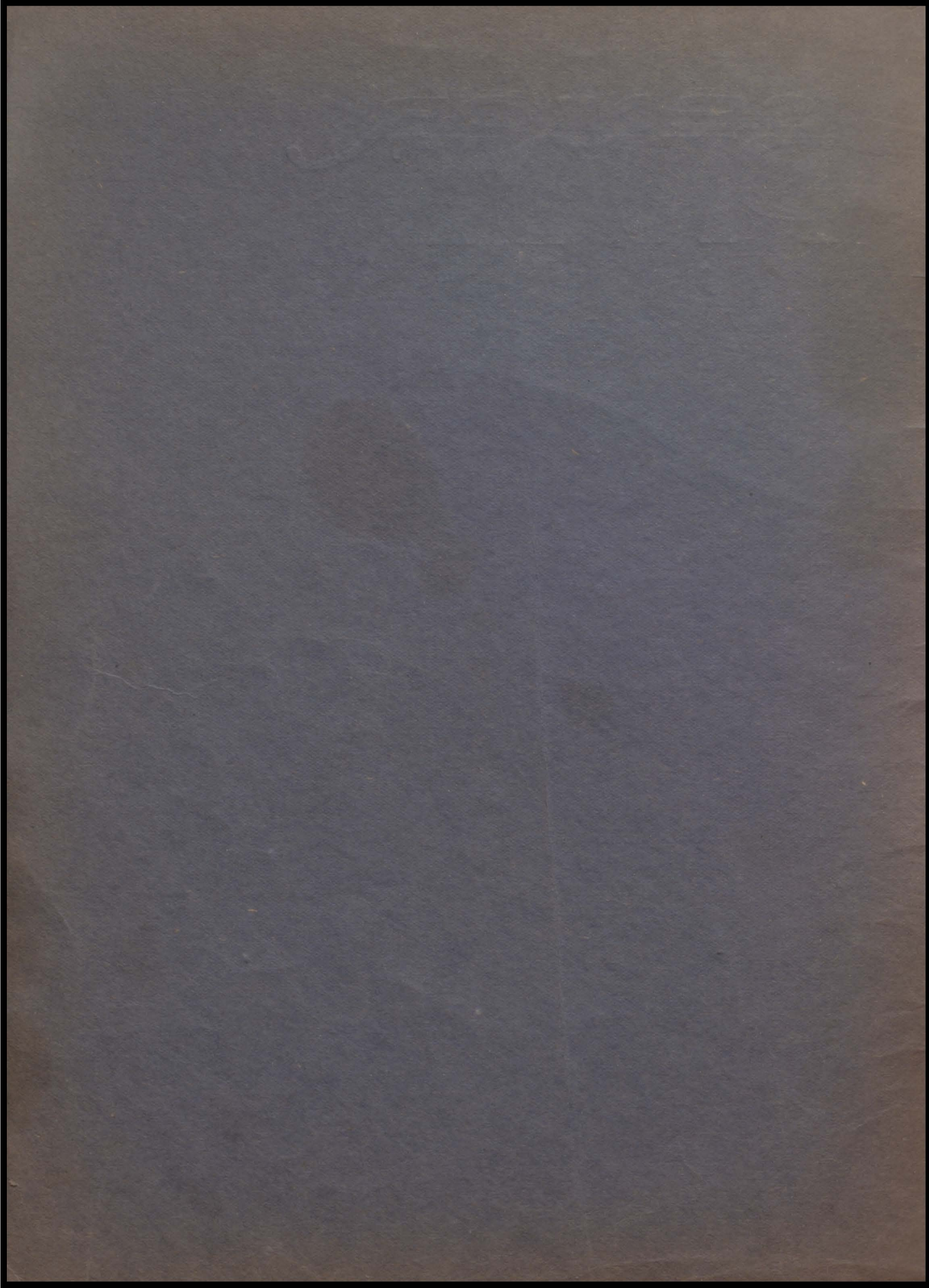




*Your
Thanksgiving
in 1924*

If you start, at once, an interest-bearing savings account in this bank—the largest in the state—and add to it regularly, you will have a snug balance next year at this time and that will mean an additional reason for Thanksgiving. Think it over now, and then—act!

**TWO DOLLARS WILL
OPEN AN ACCOUNT**

—::—
Ask for Mr. Neville, Ass't. Treasurer
—::—

Fidelity Union Trust Company
BROAD ST. between BANK & ACADEMY STS.

Open Monday Evenings

TO THE PARENTS

Of the Pupils Of Central High School

Life insurance is one of the best things you can buy for your boys and girls, and it is not expensive.

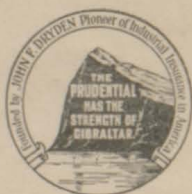
If you place the policy on the boy or girl on the Whole Life Plan, premiums can be paid weekly, quarterly, or annually, and the policy is paid in full in case of death at any time.

Or a policy might be written on the life of the boy or girl on the Endowment Plan, so that money can be saved for later years and the policy paid in full in case of death.

When our agent mentions the subject of Life or Endowment insurance to you the next time, let him explain the new policy which gives additional protection in case of death by accident.

As the statistics of the Central High School show a comparatively light death rate, it might appear that the Endowment policy is the best.

Don't forget that premiums may be paid weekly, and give to boys and girls a continuous lesson in thrift.



**THE PRUDENTIAL
Insurance Company of America**

Edward D. Duffield, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

NOVEMBER, 1923

NEW JERSEY

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VOL. XVIII

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 4

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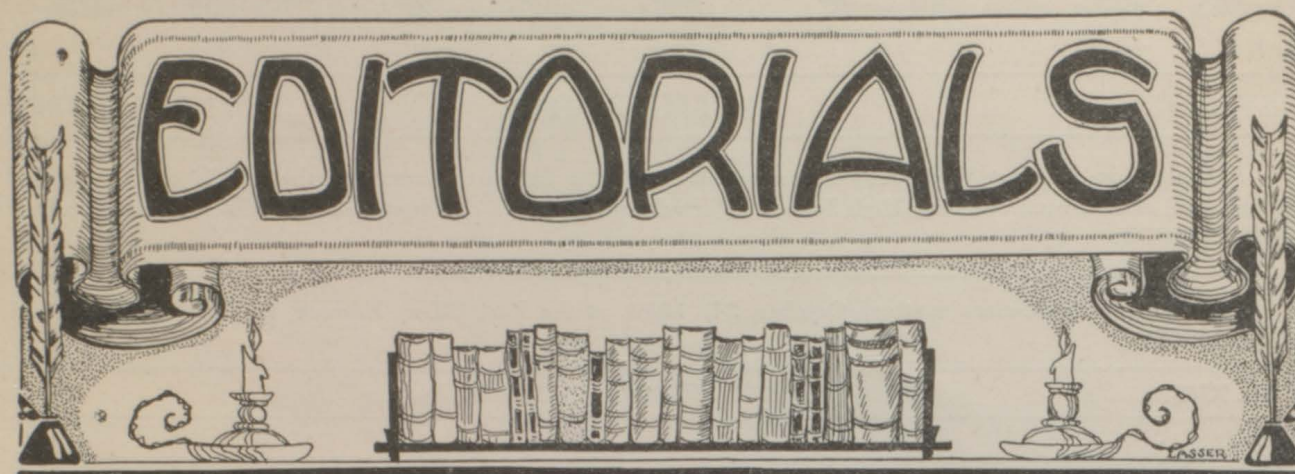
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FAREWELL

By EDWARD S. O'DESKY

In a few weeks, the class of November 1923, will be a thing of the past, a memory in Central's long list of graduating classes. To us "Farewell" means much—"Good-bye" to our teachers, "Au revoir" to classmates and our schoolmates. True enough a few athletes, a few students with lofty ideals and endless activities and a number of loyal friends will be here no more, but—there will be other athletes, other students, and friends to take our places.

We find satisfaction in the thought that our achievements in Central must be matched by others and thus we shall not be forgotten.

Our farewell to our teachers is sincere beyond the mere meaning of the phrase. We offer our thanks to those who have patiently and joyfully striven to help us, too often indeed without being appreciated. We have accepted learning and given nothing in return. We are glad now to acknowledge our indebtedness to our teachers. Our payment can be expressed only by the wise use of the power this knowledge gives us. A successful life and a brilliant career can square the account in the wide world to which they gladly admit us. Now, they can be proud they sowed the seeds. Still further, how can we express our gratitude to Mr. Wiener our honorable principal, to Miss Lavers our class advisor, and to Mr. Snodgrass, whose ardent labors made possible this excellent publication. All three have spent time and effort for us and we are now happy to express our thanks and appreciation.

We will scarcely know how to begin the day without Mr. Wiener's practical talks. As sterling business men we shall think often of our Principal's fine, straight-forwarded leadership.

While graduation merely ends one epoch of our lives—it is the start-off—the commencement for ourselves. We are about to set forth on a competitive race. To some it will bring fame and fortune. For all it contains many hopes and fears. Some of us after a heated contest will reach our destination of success, others will flounder along the way, and settle by the wayside, and it is too probable that a few will fall behind and be lost. Classmates, remember our motto: "Semper fides veritasque."

Our course through life will be what we make of it, for—"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," nothing more, nothing less.

"The race may not be to the swift,
Nor battle to the strong,
But progress and e'en victory
To earnestness belong."

Classmates, let us take an overwhelming pride in the high ideals, the sterling record, the worthy inspiration of Central High School.

It is with this in view that we wish each other from the bottom of our hearts, a continuous deserved success.

FROM PRINCIPAL TO PARENT



October 24, 1923.

DEAR PARENTS:

The chief guide and influence of our lives should be "Duty." Parents, you owe a duty to yourself as well as to your children to keep your lives of such a character that they will be a constant inspiration and example to your children. You must seek for yourselves the finest elements of life that these elements will so fill your lives with uplifting influence that the young minds which are unconsciously thinking as you think and doing as you do will follow you. "Like father, like son," is not an idle saying. The humblest of us can live lives that are far-reaching, happy and inspiring.

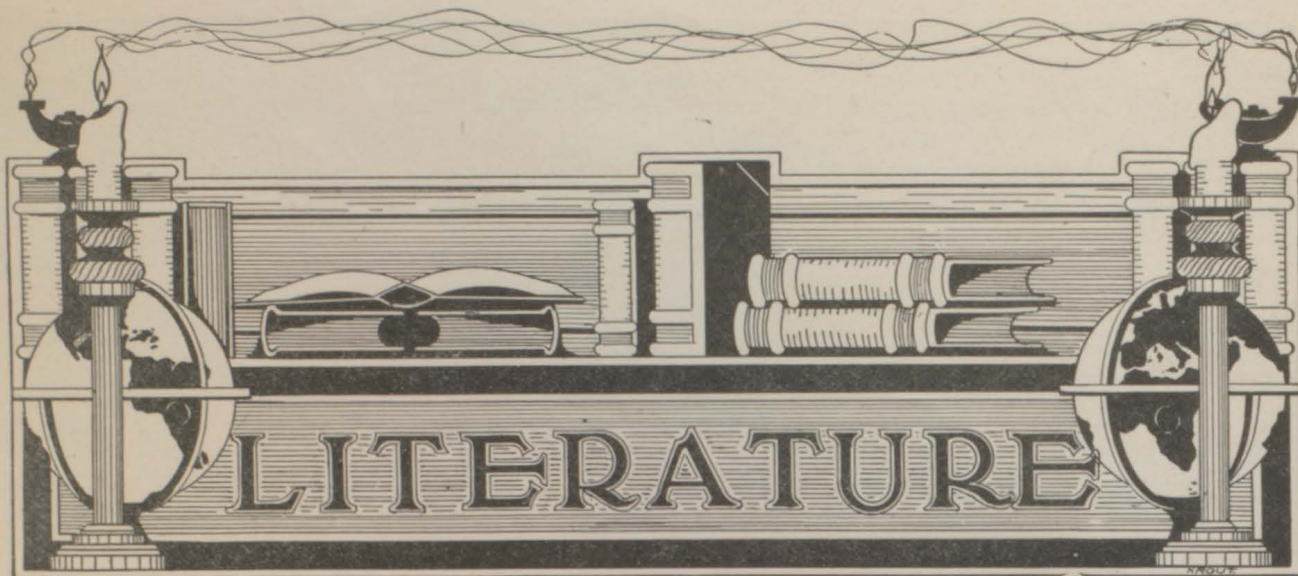
What about the place of duty in the child's life? It is severalfold in character—duty to parent, and self, and the world. In just the proportion that we do our duty towards parents, so will duty later be done for ourselves and the world. The path of duty is narrow. There are no pleasant byways to the main road. The path of duty, if followed day by day, will surely lead to the goal of happiness. Remember that on the road of duty there are many disappointments to be met, but the patient plodder who overcomes trying obstacles reaches the true goal. Happiness, rest and contentment will always be the result of duty well done.

Very truly yours,

William Weiner

Principal.

THE PIVOT



OLD R. F. D.

By ED. S. O'DESKY

THE workroom of the postoffice was unusually busy that cold December morning. Pierre Deseau, the young money clerk, was working at his desk when Mr. Johnson, the Poster, came in from his private office.

"Has old R. F. D. got here yet?"

"No sir, not yet," replied one of the clerks. "He's generally here by seven—I hope he ain't snowed in 'er somethin'."

"Here he comes now—gosh, he looks like Santa Claus—must be terrible travelin' in such weather and thirteen miles."

Outside the old R. F. D. had hitched his horse to the post, and looked as jolly as a lark in spite of the cold.

"Whoa thar Bess! Stand still—can't ye see I'm trying to cover ya up with this yere blanket?"

Taking off his mail pouch from his sled, he hustled into the office.

"Lemme git at that fire. I'm as cold and stiff as a six-foot icicle."

"Got through all right; did you, R. F. D.?" inquired the postmaster.

"Did I, ya bet I did—it takes mor'n four foot of snow to keep Bess an' I from business."

"Pretty cold, isn't it?"

"Wa'll postmaster—it wasn't no dream of a June day or sech—Si Barkins gimme a cup o' coffee, and old Bess and me jogged along till we got here."

The morning hours crept slowly as the old man waited about the work-room for his time to leave.

Pierre Deseau, the young money clerk, was busy at his window. Once the old man saw or thought he saw Pierre slip a letter into his pocket. The old R. F. D. slowly walked over to the wire-enclosed cage.

"Pierre—lad!"

The boy was startled—a guilty look appeared on his face.

"Gimme those bags in the corner, the train'll be here purty soon an' I'll need 'em."

"Yes sir."

"Purty cold, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is, R. F. D. Why, back in '99, we had roses in December."

The old man saw his opening.

"Yes, I remember that April of the same year—and also the following sixteen Aprils. I never saw flowers bloom—I was froze."

"You must've been in Alaska."

"No—Pierre—I was in prison."

The lad started.

"In prison—you?"

"Yes—boy—sent up in '99 for sixteen—for post-office robbery."

"Sixteen years in prison—why it's a lifetime."

"That's what I thought it was—more like eternity. The stone walls, the stripes, the lock step, the ball

THE PIVOT

OLD R. F. D.—(Continued from page 6)

and chain and the foundry—oh! It was terrible—I was a thief—a branded thief."

The boy, startled, brought his hand to his pocket. Old R. F. D. moved to him and spoke with fierceness:

"Pierre—I saw my wife torn from my arms—forced to the street to starve, and my baby boy was sick. He was four years then. I had a hard winter and I stole twenty dollars from a letter—fer this they tore me from my beloved ones. I learned a year later that she was dead. I hated humanity, I determined to be revenged on sech society which so unjustly used me. I'd live to get free—and then repay my debt."

The old men fell into a chair and Pierre calmed him.

"And did you find your little boy?"

"No. I lost him and this made an outcast of me—free from the world."

Two weeks later Lizzie Marshall, one of the other mail clerks, called old R. F. D. over and, handing him a letter, said:

"For Mr. Ira Barnabas, Esq."

"A letter for me?"

"Yes, the clerk didn't know who Mr. Ira Barnabas was—nor did Pierre."

"Wa'll, it's me—so many folks call me R. F. D.—an' y'know my name ain't necessary then—Old R. F. D. ain't sech a bad name."

"Is it good news, R. F. D.?" inquired Miss Lizzie.

"Yup! Me and Bess have jes been granted a pension an' a little homestead up in Utah—just me and Bess."

"So, you're goin' to resign R. F. D.?"

"Yup. I expect to, cause then I'll be able to find my boy an' have a home all ready fer him."

"Do you think you'll find him?"

"Ya, Miss Lizzie. I shore do, the Lord is good. I trust in Him. Some day I'll find my boy."

"What's his name, R. F. D.?"

"Same as mine, Ira Barnabas, Jr. Named after his pa."

II.

An hour later all the clerks in the office were standing before Inspector Smith of the U. S. Mail Service. The inspector was questioning a clerk named Perry.

"An' you say Pierre owed you eighty dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did he pay you anything?"

"Yes, sir—twenty dollars, las' Saturday."

"Well, somebody in this group took seventy-five dollars from one envelope—git Pierre Deseau!"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anything about this case, Mr. Deseau?"

"No, sir, I don't," Pierre whispered, glancing at Miss Lizzie.

"You lie, Pierre Deseau, you stole that seventy-five dollars."

"No sir—I—I didn't."

"Where d'ya git money to pay Perry that twenty dollars?—I tell you, we got you!"

"But, Mr. Smith, I tell you it's a mistake!"

"Now Pierre, square yourself—you've had a hard life. Let me see—you were reared at an Orphanage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know yer father and mother?"

"No, sir."

"Know your real name?"

"Yes, sir—Ira Barnabas."

The old R. F. D. trembled, collecting himself he crossed to the inspector and looked at him appealingly.

"S'no use, inspector—that boy never stole that money—I'm the thief—take me out, my record shows I was arrested afore—take me away!"

The next day Miss Lizzie came to see the old R. F. D. at the county jail.

"Why did you take his place, R. F. D.?"

"It's my boy, Miss Lizzie—It's my boy—you know it too."

"I understand, R. F. D."

At about the same instant Pierre Deseau, now known as Ira Barnabas, entered the jail.

"Listen, Miss Lizzie, will you please let me have a few words with the R. F. D. alone?"

"Certainly, Ira."

"R. F. D.—why did you sacrifice yourself so?"

"There, there lad, don't take on so, don't y."

"I'm going to the inspector and report myself R. F. D.—I will not have you suffer another man's crime—I'm a coward—a coward."

"But lad—you're young—ya goota blossom in this world."

"No, no, R. F. D., may I ask why you did this—for me."

"Cause, I'm your father."

"My father!"

"Other boys have money, good starts, an' sech. I can't do or give ya that, but ya can have my liberty—go!"

Miss Lizzie went to an old brown house and there spoke to the woman whose letters were rifled.

"Mrs. Jones, do you think old R. F. D. took the money?"

She faltered, not knowing what to say.

"Just think—if he's sentenced to five years, he'll never survive. You wouldn't send a poor old man like R. F. D. to suffer in prison for five years, would

(Continued on page 55)

HER ROMEO

By MABEL GORDON

THEY had been married only a year when she discovered that she did not care for him as she used to. He was uninteresting and dull, so radically different from the man she had loved and married. He never cared to go any place; whether it was church, movie, or a dance, he always managed to produce an alibi for wanting to stay at home. It wasn't because he did not love his wife that he did not care to go places, in fact he liked to have her at home to himself.

How different the people in the world are! Another woman would have complained about her husband's continually going out nights and never paying the least bit of attention to her. She would have suggested staying at home even for one evening in a week. But as the old saying goes: "It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

There was just one more week before Hallowe'en, with all its festivities and merry-making. The young wife, Carolyne Birch, was in the same predicament now that she had been at the beginning of my story. Some friend of hers had invited her and her husband to a masked party and dance. But as usual, he had pleaded that he could not dance very well and she could go alone if she wished. She was very indignant at first and cried until her pretty eyes were red. Then a plan dawned upon her mind. Why not go alone? Bert was jealous and this would be her chance to show him that she could have a good time without him. So acknowledging the invitation herself, but excusing her husband, she spent the whole week making her costume. Every spare moment she labored upon this dress which was to afford her such a wonderful pleasure.

At last the eventful day came, and poor Bert had to prepare his own supper because his wife was too busy making herself attractive for the party. When eight o'clock came, she made her appearance at the library door.

"Aren't you going to wish me a good time, Bert?" she queried. Bert rose from his chair and held her at arm's length from him.

"Yes, Pet, you look sweet this evening," he replied. "I almost wish that I were going, but I have this statement to make out before tomorrow." So Carolyne left the room and was soon on her way to the party.

As her machine hummed along, her thoughts were something like this: "I wonder if I shall look as nice

as Selma?" (This was her hostess). "I hope that Bob Mason is there, he used to take a great interest in me before I was married." "I'll be surprised if I don't have a good time." Thus she was wrapped in her own thoughts, the time passed very rapidly and before she realized what had happened, she was ringing the bell of Selma's house. Hastily putting on her mask she waited for a response. It came in a few seconds, and she was ushered into a large hall by a page. She was given a little booklet on which was written the names of the dances in their chronological order.

As Carolyne traversed the floor she was a pretty picture to behold. Her face emerged from an old-fashioned bonnet and her lithe body was hidden by a large hoop skirt. The patent leather slippers did justice to her tiny feet. Many an eye was cast in her direction and more than one wondered who this pretty girl was. She found a chair in a secluded corner and sat there, waiting to see what cards fate would play.

As may be imagined, she was there only a short time when a clown came up to her and started a conversation. He was very dull and she wished he had not molested her. They sat thus for about half an hour. At the end of this time she noticed a tall young man coming in at the door. He was dressed in black tights, a black satin blouse with a ruffled collar, and hat with a plume on it. How she wished that she had dressed as Juliet! She knew that it was Bob Mason from the start, but if she had had any doubts, they would have been cleared away. From the moment he was discovered, there was a bevy of girls who paid their attentions to him.

Carolyne told her companion, the clown, that she was longing for a drink, wouldn't he please get one for her. Having thus rid herself of him, she sallied forth to the other side of the hall, attracting the attention of Romeo. Then followed a bit of flirtatious revelry. He stared at her—she stared at him. She went to the window—he went to the window. She dropped her handkerchief—he picked it up. She thanked him and he said that it was a pleasure. It was in this way that Mrs. Carolyne Birch started a conversation with the most popular young man of the evening. He told her that she was charming and signed her dance card at every dance with the name "Romeo." They had a lovely evening till the time came for the Grand March. He had ex-

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HER ROMEO—(Continued from page 8)

cused himself and had not returned. She felt dismayed at first but Bob always was doing something original. So when the time came for the prize March, Carolyne was found in line. Fate again played into her hands. She won first prize for the prettiest costume. After the awards were all made, she removed her mask. Everyone was surprised to learn that it was she. Still Romeo did not return, and her friends asked her what she had done to him.

At last everything was over, and one of the young men took her home. She went to bed thinking about

the glorious time she had had, a little puzzled about the young man dressed as Romeo.

The following week she was cleaning her husband's closet, when what should she find but the Romeo costume. She was almost stupified. Then she smiled a knowing smile. This accounted for the fact that her husband had taken her out every night since the party.

We advise certain Seniors to enter Vaseline College. It is easy to slip through.

CLASS SONG

Words by ROSE FRIEDMAN

I.

Our tasks are done, dear Central High,
We leave you now, dear heart, good-bye,
To you with mem'ries sweet we'll turn,
While on our hearts these words will burn.

REFRAIN

Dear Alma Mater, we are leaving,
Our thoughts are all of you;
Our hearts are sad, and ever grieving
Dear Alma Mater, true.

Music by HERMAN SHAPIRO

II.

Our lady of the hill she stands
So tall, so proud, and in her hands
She holds the tangled threads of fate,
She bids her children to be great.

III.

In years to come, we vow that we
To Central e'er will faithful be:
Not by mere words; great things we'll do
To honor our dear white and blue.

A COMPLAINT

By ROSE FRIEDMAN

"Where are the girls of yesterday?"
Asks Daddy with a frown,
"The old-time girls," laughs Mother,
"To Heaven long have gone."

"Where are the girls of yesterday?"
Roars Grandad, really mad;
"The lassies of to-day, they flap
Too much for any lad."

They are so stupid, do not know,
That one and one makes two,
They do naught else, but puff and primp,
And flirt the whole day through."

We heard with awe, resolved to be
Sweet, gentile, good as gold,
But what's the use, it can't be did,
We're not the girls of old.

"Where are the girls of yesterday?"
Grieves Grandma, "I can't see."
"They're there, all right"—Comes back from Jack
"You just take it from me."

"They are great pals, with lots of pep;
They run their cars O. K.
They swim, they dance, they can coquette,
And camp without dismay."

"When I was young I never 'dashed'
Bobbed like a young hyena."
Raged Mandy Jane, the poor old maid,
"It's due to the Vic———and Regina."

THE PIVOT

FOILED

By ROSE FRIEDMAN

"**I** CAN'T see that it concerns you any," flashed Mary, as she tossed her pretty head defiantly at George Kendall. "You needn't dictate, telling me what I may and what I may not do, for I will not stand for it. Understand? The only man I take dictation from is Mr. Lang.

"I give you up," roared Kendall. "You are more worry than all my money. You can flirt from now until doomsday, but kindly keep those googy eyes where I am not."

"H'm, don't like them, eh, well better get used to it as soon as you can, for I intend to marry that man. I have always hoped to become a rich man's private secretary, and then marry him; quite an achievement for a poor little stenog, hee, hee," and Mary laughed gleefully. Miss Mary Alden was not a chewing gum stenographer; she did not file her nails or powder her nose during working hours. Her clothes were neither loud nor gaudy, but she certainly knew how Mr. Lang, her unsuspecting employer, was going to slip. Her campaign for conquest was simple. In the morning when Mr. Lang came into the office, he would usually find Mary busy about his desk, putting things to rights. (It might be interesting to note right here, that there was very little out of order, for Mr. Lang was an exceptionally neat man). When Mr. L. had greeted her with his customary "Good morning, Miss Alden," our schemer would feign surprise, start, hesitate, look up nervously, smile faintly, blush, letting her eyes fall quickly, her lashes quivering spasmodically until she was sure that his back was turned. She would then trip across the room to her own desk winking at George, who she knew was cussing at her inwardly. He usually sat betwixt his journals and ledgers behind a high desk scowling at this daily performance. At first it had amused him, but as days went by and the same thing was repeated day in and day out, it tried his patience very sorely. He was very often tempted to throw a chair at that little minx, up to her same old tricks. Those same quivering lashes had broken more than one boyish heart at school.

While taking a few letters, Mary managed a few loving glances that spoke volumes; these often caused Mr. Lang to take on a proud air and think himself wonderful, while George felt sorry for the poor old fellow.

So it was no wonder that Mr. Lang fell. A pretty girl, young, flaxen hair, cherry lips, pretty smile, baby

blue eyes, tiny hands; what more could a young man past his forties wish for. Kendall predicted a dark future, (not that he wanted her for himself), but he felt partly responsible for her, as he had brothered her ever since they were wee children.

There was great excitement in the M—— Company's office on Monday morning, for the janitor was leaving, (good ridance). He had worked for this company for the past ten years and had made life miserable not only for the employers, but for the employees as well. The reason was that he had the rheumatism very badly and could hardly get around to everyone's desk in one week, so all employees, including Mary and Kendall had to dust their own desks and empty their paper baskets, and the few other odd jobs that go with the janitor. The new janitor was "Ruddy" himself, according to the girls, and considered a pretty good sweeper by the men. He was tall, dark and handsome, and shone off to the best advantage against a background of white scrap paper, feather dusters, dust pans, etc.

Here was trouble for Miss Alden. She never saw so energetic a janitor. Every time she had worked up her face to that point where she could throw a pair of lovesick eyes at Mr. Lang, that new janitor-man would suddenly pop his head through the door. And you may be sure he was not wanted.

Jim Lawson, for that was the name of the new janitor, was an old friend of Kendall. He had taken the position just to help George with a little plan the latter had in mind. His job was to stop Mary's flirtation with her employer before it had gone too far.

"But don't blame me if I steal her myself," warned Jim. But George smiling good-naturedly told him: "Go to it brother, and God Bless You, the only promise I made her mother was not to let her marry a man more than twenty years older than herself, and if that old fellow isn't twenty years older than she is, then I'm not who I am."

"Righto, shake on that, old man," and away went Mr. James Lawson whistling merrily to himself. He had a fine plan. He saw that Mary was nothing but a wilful child, trying to have a little innocent fun. He decided to use a little cave man stuff, for, he argued she was used to leading men around by their noses, and it was high time that she did the trailing. So the following week, marked the beginning of the new janitor's new job in the M—— Company's office.

THE PIVOT

FOILED—(Continued from page 10)

One evening Mary was a little later than usual in getting out of the office, for she had stayed to complete a bit of work which had to be finished that day. She found that George had not waited for her as per usual, and when she had finished, she felt alone and a bit peeved. As she closed her desk, Jim Lawson, all dressed up in his Sunday best (so she thought) walked into the room. He thought that it was natural to find Mary there. Mary on the other hand was astounded at the fine appearance of this young man. He was not only handsome but there was something about him that she admired but could not analyze. He, seeing that she was getting ready to leave, gallantly assisted her with her coat and asked if he might see her home. Mary shrugged her shoulders, and they both left the office.

While waiting for the elevator, she commenced to powder her nose. With a calm but determined movement, Jim snatched the puff and vanity case, and putting it into his pocket, remarked: "When you are with me you must behave."

Mary was taken by surprise. How dare he take her powder. He was worse than George in that respect. She was also amused, and waited to see what he would do next. She didn't know why, but she really liked him despite his "rough ways." The conversation was a bit one sided, Mary couldn't think of a thing to say to this extraordinary man.

"You are very pretty," said Jim.

"Am I?" He certainly knew what he was talking about.

"I like you."

"Yes?" with a lift of her left eyebrow. "How bold."

"I don't like your hair. It's too yellow."

"Zat Zo," sarcastically.

"Your mouth is too large."

"Is it?" She was gradually growing accustomed to his compliments.

"Your eyes are very blue."

"I know," with relief that they were not orange.

"Your chin is too pointed."

"Really," and Mary drew herself to her full height and moved away in cold disdain. But he followed.

"Your nose is too small."

"You don't say so, what else?" This was a new specimen of humanity. Just imagine, criticising her nose.

"You are nothing but a flirt, aren't you?"

"Hm, so George says." This was more familiar, "Flirt" was George's middle name for her.

"Do you like me?"

"Of course, after what you told me about myself," Jim chuckled satisfactorily to himself, as they drew up to Mary's home.

"Here we are, going to ask me in?" And before she knew how to answer this horrid man, she found herself in the drawing room presenting him to her aunt as the new janitor man. Her aunt smiled knowingly at him, for she was in on the secret conspiracy against her niece.

* * * *

Mary expected a proposal that day, of course she felt it in his eyes when he looked at her while she was taking dictation. What was he waiting for anyway. Why didn't he talk. She knew that he was wild about her, felt it in her bones, so to say.

"Miss Alden, will you remain a few minutes after the rest go this evening. for I would like to speak of a little matter of great importance. It will take but a few minutes?"

"Yes, Mr. Lang," and softly—"at last."

"Miss Alden," began Mr. Lang, and then he cleared his throat.

"Yes, Mr. Lang," and she shot a swift glance at him. Ah, that fateful glance, it completely unnerved Mr. L. He began to talk, but his voice would not come. "Well, ne-e-ver mind, Miss Alden, tomorrow will do." Mary almost collapsed from sheer disappointment.

That evening Mary told George what had taken place, and she laughed ruefully at what was in store for her on the morrow. George lost no time and reported to headquarters—Jim. He lost no time, and was sure to be on hand the following day. The next evening, Mary did not go, but waited for Mr. Lang to continue his unfinished conversation of the preceding day.

"Mary," began Mr. Lang. "I realize I am not quite as young as some of your friends, but could you—could you—could you lo-ove an old man like me? I—I—thought you might just ———I—I—"

"So that was your reason for sending me to Florida for the winter, thought you would get me out of the way, eh," and Mrs. Lang, who had stepped into the office by the janitor's door, picked Mr. Lang off his chair by his ear. She turned a cold shoulder and a still colder look at Miss Mary Alden, and left the building with her crestfallen hubby under her care.

Mary saw her castles come tumbling down with a crash. At that moment she felt someone lift her from her chair and a big voice murmur: "This isn't the end, you little Minx, I have a bill to settle with you; and the horrid janitor man carried Mary off to the minister's.

Farewell Seniors!
Home Room 218 A. M.

THE PIVOT

A HIGH SCHOOL SPREAD

By MARGARET GREFER

IT was beautifully planned. Every conceivable obstacle had been removed, and as far as human intellect could look ahead, there was nothing left that could hinder in the least the carrying out of their plans. Few of the girls had been told—not one of the teachers had the faintest inkling of a suspicion. And all that remained now was to put the daring feat into effect.

At noon, five naughty Seniors had stolen down into the basement and had deposited five suspicious looking bundles in the empty desks piled up against the walls. Two periods had glided by and the hearts of those fine Seniors had beaten more uncomfortably at each tick of the big clock. A guilty nervousness grew stronger and stronger, but the time came at last to act, and act they did.

All but Frank had finished his experiments and the Physics teacher was happy in the thought that they were all up-stairs quietly at work. Mr. Smith dreamed of them constructing images for mirrors, lenses, and all the horrors of "light" instruments. The superintendent was believed to be teaching his Law class.

Silently, slowly, and by different paths, four of the 'oo's found their way out to the south vestibule. The glass windows in the upper doors forced them to sit on the floor. The cold January wind found its way in and almost forced them to stand up again. A Freshman maiden, who found the proceedings most interesting, stood at the head of the stairs and watched long and steadily.

The fair Seniors were getting uncomfortable, and wild ideas of abandoning the fun entered their minds. One by one they slipped out of the door on their hands and knees—and awoke to the realization that they were standing in full view of the Manual Training rooms with two pairs of eyes fixed on them. It was getting exciting, and those four Seniors beat a hasty retreat *without* going in on their hands and knees.

The "guardian angel" had fled by this time and hope grew stronger after all, they might as well carry it out. With steps so faint that one shoe would have been inaudible to the other, had it been blessed with ears, and hearts sounding like the machinery in the Manual Training departments, they crept along the basement hall. Not a sound was heard and they were just beginning to breathe freely once more, when—Ye Gods! They ran face to face with the janitor. How it happened that the janitor never mentioned the fact to anybody, no one knows. Even if he did, that part of the story has never been repeated by any of the faculty.

At last, with the lunch with them, they reached the north end vestibule and sat down on the window sills to wait for Frank. Minute by minute the period was passing, but no Frank appeared.

"I know he must be through, because he had all but one experiment done," whispered Josephine.

"He said he'd *surely* come," put in Edith.

And Mabel began to be afraid that he hadn't been able to find them.

Vincent didn't say much, because—well, he wasn't in the habit of saying much anyway, and it was a novel experiment to him to skip. Besides there was a rather queer feeling throughout the party, not one of them would have owned it.

The period was half-gone, not a bite had been taken, and Frank had not come. At last courage arose and Mabel made the startling announcement that she was going to find out where he was. It is a very audacious thing to walk around the halls in the middle of a period, but you must know that Mabel is a very audacious little girl.

Marching straight into the Physics Laboratory she said in a most modest and winning way, "Did I leave my pen down here yesterday?" And during her search for it, she managed to convey a message to Frank to hurry.

Back she went to the lunch but still no Frank. At last they began to eat without him. Uneedas, olives, cake, and fudges disappeared fast and faster. Then came the sound of foot-steps and Josephine made a wild rush to meet Frank and turned in dismay when she saw it was the teacher of Mathematics instead.

One grand dive brought the Seniors and their spread out to the corner where they huddled together 'till they almost froze and brought all the neighbors to the windows in surprise. Being unmolested, however, they returned and finished their lunch.

The first bell faintly sounded—and four Seniors faintly grinned. They had learned that the superintendent did not have his Law class and it was just the time when he took his daily exercise through the halls.

Down through the basement crept one small girl; up the north stairs stole a red-face and alarmed boy, while No. 3 mastered all of her courage and bravely passed the office door and ascended the main stairs to the Assembly room. A few minutes later, No. 4 went up and not one of them was caught.

Meanwhile, what had become of Frank? You will hate to hear it I know, and I hate to tell you, but the teacher would not let him go! And for a

THE PIVOT

A HIGH SCHOOL SPREAD—(Continued from p. 12)

whole period with the exception of the first five minutes, he had been sitting there idle, thinking of the spread going on out in the north-end vestibule!

The spread had been planned for five; four had eaten it, and the next day there was whispered about the room the startling news that "Vincent had skipped

class with three girls!"

Although the excitement and the fact that they had not been caught gave some satisfaction, the alarming report had a dampening effect on the spirits of one of them at least, and there were five Seniors who never forgave that Physics teacher.

HIS BLUFF

By AARON YAFFE

HOLLYWOOD High School was one of the largest high schools in Connecticut. Besides debating, athletics, and other activities in which many schools indulge, it boasted of a "History Club," which was open to members of the school who could maintain a mark of 90 in history.

Mr. Grill, the history professor, was the founder of the club. He was not what the students called a "strict teacher" because he never demanded that their work be handed in at a definite time. His regular method was lecturing. Every day he read a passage from a book or talked to the class about some historical event. No person was allowed to take notes while in class, so the students had to give their closest attention in order to be able to discuss the subject later.

But "Reddy" Stone was not the kind to let such opportunities slip by. While Professor Grill read from a book he had his head buried in a novel. A history volume? I should say not! The Adventures of Jimmie Dale. This lad, not only bluffed at his class work, but bluffed so well on his exams that he had been able to make the History Club for two years. When the boys asked him how he did it, he replied, "It's simple. Old Grill is as blind as a bat."

It seemed as if "Reddy" was going to get away with it as he said he would, when, a week before the time for exams, Professor Grill passed out questions. He explained that the same ones would be used at the final examination and he advised the pupils to make preparation.

It looked easy enough at first, but when the students tried to write the answers only those who had listened in class were able to do so.

Well, "Reddy" Stone was certainly in a hole. But of course his ever keen mind thought of a way out.

If anyone had taken particular notice he would have seen "Reddy" Stone at the school library for the next four afternoons with his head buried, this time, in volumes of history.

He had a hard time answering the questions, but at the end of the fourth afternoon he gathered his papers together and heaved a deep sigh. He was ready.

The day of the exam. "Reddy" walked into class with a smile on his face. He was sure that he was going to pass the work. The secret that he had written out the questions beforehand was all his own. When the professor passed out the paper, all he had to do was to write hastily the answers, already prepared. He did so and fifteen minutes later when Mr. Grill called "Stone, why aren't you at work?" "Reddy" blushed and answered, "I haven't any pen, sir." The professor decided to lend him his pen, but "Reddy" didn't even make one mark with it.

At the end of the period Reddy handed his paper in, and walked triumphantly out of the room.

The next morning it was whispered about the rooms that "Reddy" Stone had failed his history exam, something very unusual for a member of the History Club. And that afternoon, "Reddy" told his chums how it had happened.

The professor's pen had been filled with green ink and "Red" had written his paper with blue. When the papers were examined, of course, the difference was noted.

"Reddy" was caught and his paper was discarded. Old Grill, as he had been called, had shown at least one person that he was not as blind as a bat.

Compliments of
HOME ROOM 211 A. M.

Compliments of
NAT FLINK

THE PIVOT

POLLY DID IT!

By EMILY FRIEDMAN

“**Y**OU knock-kneed pollywag! qr—r-r-k!”

The incongruous and ludicrous epithet burst upon the ears of the throng gathered in the banking room of the Forthawan First National Bank. Simultaneously a dozen pair of eyes turned in the direction whence it came. In the farthest corner they beheld a gaily plumed parrot regarding them complacently through the bars of his cage. Every person present, including Mr. Overton, president of the bank, smiled broadly, or laughed aloud in spite of the gravity of the situation. Pat Dougherty guffawed in a manner entirely unbecoming to a chief of police who had come to investigate a robbery involving ten thousand dollars in cash, twenty thousand dollars in Liberty bonds, and thirty thousand dollars in negotiable securities.

The day before Bart Overton had been on his way to the house of Jean Thiebalt with Victrola, the parrot; to whom he had promised to present it. He had taken his sporty racer, and on the way had dropped in to see his father about the garage bill. Mr. Overton dispatched him to Blakesville, a neighboring town upon an urgent errand. Having no other place to leave Victrola, Bart had left him in the care of his Dad. When he returned, however, he found the bank closed, and reluctantly he called Jean on the phone and explained the reason for his non-arrival. The next morning, bound for the bank, to retrieve the parrot he heard the news of the robbery. He had entered just in time to hear the parrot's ejaculation.

With the others he, too, grinned but only momentarily, for the grin froze upon his face and in its stead appeared an expression of perplexity. Victrola was rightly named, he could talk, but he never knew what he was talking about; yet like his namesake it was necessary for him to hear, before he was able to speak.

“Dad!” he exclaimed excitedly. In his heart there was a faint hope based upon a flimsy idea, that had tumbled into his head. “Was there a man here yesterday with fishy eyes? With a scimitar-shaped scar upon his cheek? Dressed in a herring-bone striped suit.”

Mr. Overton looked at the flushed face of his son; Pat Dougherty, Tom Saxby, the reporter from the *Herald*, Miss Deroy, the bookkeeper, and Mr. Mason the teller cashier, looked in unison at Bart with amazement written in their eyes.

“I did not notice,” replied Mr. Overton wonderingly, “perhaps Mr. Mason or Miss Deroy can tell you. Why?”

Bart ignored his father's query and shot a demand in the direction of the aforementioned employees. They answered negatively with a meek shake of their heads.

Bart seemed to have become electrified. He grasped the astounded Chief of Police by the arms and pulled him precipitately toward the door.

“Follow me quick, Mr. Dougherty,” Bart demanded quickly, “and don't ask any questions. “Dad, I'll be back in twenty minutes!”

“Wait,” began Mr. Overton.

“What the——,” sputtered Tom Saxby. But Bart was already out of the door and hustling Pat before him into his racer that was waiting at the curb. As the door banged noisily, Victrola suddenly disturbed from a reverie chirped:

“To the boat's men, we're on the rocks!”

This served to rouse the others from their stupification. Motioning Saxby to a chair Mr. Overton strode to his desk to prepare for the duties of the day, as it was almost time for the bank to open its doors to the public.

“What's it all about? Mr. Overton. “What's your boy up to? interrogated Saxby.

Mr. Overton shrugged his shoulders.

“I haven't the slightest idea,” he said, “but I presume Bart has some clue, for I have never known him to do anything illogical. For a boy his age he possesses some unusual powers of observation.”

Saxby impatiently paced the floor. Mr. Overton busied himself at his desk. The bank employees began the regular routine of the day. And above the buzz of voices a clock somewhere ticked off the minutes.

Ten minutes passed.

Twenty. Mr. Overton was engrossed in his work; Saxby however was rapidly becoming restless.

Fifteen minutes more passed.

Saxby stopped before Mr. Overton preparatory to leaving. When he heard a clatter behind him, he whirled about and beheld the beaming face of Pat Dougherty, the flushed face of Bart and the blanched faces of two tough looking individuals whose hands were manacled securely.

“We got 'em,” Mr. Overton,” exclaimed Pat joyously. Setting a satchel upon the desk. “There's the boodle—and you have Bart here to thank for it!”

Mr. Overton rose swiftly to his feet staring from one to the other unbelievably.

Saxby hastily jerked out a pad and pencil and began to scribble furiously.

THE PIVOT

POLLY DID IT!—(Continued from page 14)

"How in the world did you do this Bart," demanded Mr. Overton with a mixture of pride and nervousness in his voice.

"Oh!" grinned Bart sheepishly, "I don't deserve any credit—really—Polly did it!"

"What do you mean?" chimed his father and Saxby in chorus.

"You see," explained Bart rapidly, "it was this way. Every one of us has a pet expression that he uses more or less indiscriminately. Dad always says 'You young scalawag,' for example, yesterday while on my way back from Blakesville these two men stopped me to borrow my pump. (They had had a blow cut). While waiting for them to return it, I gathered that they were on their way to Forthawan; and several times I heard that fellow with the scar call the other a bowlegged pollywag. I didn't like their looks in spite of the fact that they were driving an expensive car; so I guess the incident made an impression

upon my mind. Naturally when I heard Polly say that, I could not help associating the crime with these men. Nor was I far from wrong, as you see. I knew they were going to stop at the Hotel Forthawan and gambled on the probability of their making their getaway leisurely in order to allay suspicion."

"He reached the hotel," interposed Pat, not desiring to be left out of the narrative entirely, "just when they left, and I'll say we had some race. I had to shoot out both of their back tires before they'd stop. Must have guessed that we were wise; lucky your son has such a speedy boat or they'd gotten away on us!"

Here Pat thumped Bart jocularly upon the shoulder, and "Lucky that Bart is such a fast thinker."

"Oh, bunk!" stammered Bart while Victrola interrupted 'preening long enough to add a solemn: "Qr-r- You knock-kneed polly-wag!"

INEXPERIENCED

There stands a little 1C,
Remarked a 4A great,
He little knows the trouble
It takes to get an eight.

He boasts high marks in grammer school,
Where nines are nothing rare,
Where eights are only moderate,
And sevens poor, to fair.

He ne'er forgets to study
Each word or phrase or line,
That any of his teachers
Each day to him assign.

In High School for the first month
When he receives his card
He finds out to his sorrow
That to get an eight is hard.

He vows that he'll do better.
In the next two months to come,
But finds the teacher needs some help,
To make her do this sum.

At last he passes 1C,
And laughs with joy supreme,
He can't discard his seven
But he is no longer green.

—By Clara Strombach.

FRIENDSHIP

Give me one friend—just one—who meets
The need of all my varying moods;
Be we in noisy city streets,
Or in dear nature's solitudes.

One who can let the world go by,
And suffer not a minute's pang;
Who'd dare to shock propriety
With me, and never care a hang.

Who in my rarely righteous streaks,
Should love me—love me none the less
If I give way to some outbreaks
Of pure, besotted selfishness.

One who, when I am sick and glum,
Can lay conventions on the shelf,
And just for my dear sake become
A blooming heathen, like myself.

One who can share my grief or mirth.
And know my days to praise or blame,
And rate me just for what I'm worth,
And find me always just the same.

Give me one friend for peace or war,
And I shall hold myself well blest,
And richly compensated for
The cussedness of all the rest.

—By Sara Fosman.

Non Ministrari Sed Ministrare



LIDA A. LAVERS
Faculty Adviser—Class of November, 1923

SENIOR DIRECTORY



PRESIDENT OF 4 A CLASS

SOSNOW, EMANUEL 307 Runyon Street
Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"For men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."

Service Club; Vice-President of Service Club; 4B Class Secretary; History Club; Chairman Program Committee of History Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Literary; Forum Club; Journalist Club; Radio Club; Camera Club; Winner of English "C"; Welfare Committee Service Club.

Our President was an executive committee pusher during 4C and 4B. As Senior president he is reliability and efficiency personified. His ability to deal with business men promises a future as a fine corporation lawyer.

VICE-PRESIDENT

DUNWORTH, E. HELEN 723 Highland Avenue
Arts. Prospects: St. Elizabeth's
"Prompt at every call of duty."

President of Girls' Service Club; G. O. Delegate of G. S. C.; Treasurer of G. S. C.; Vice-President of 4A Class; President of 4C Class; Chairman of Executive Committee of 4B Class; Vice President of Forum; Vice-President of Camera Club; City Editor of PIVOT; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Literary Club; Winner of Old English "C" 4A Step Inn Show; Senior PIVOT Board.

Helen is a popular girl as shown by her long list of activities. She has a charming personality and is liked by all. Her aim is success, and we are sure she will get there. Best of luck, Helen!

SECRETARY

AXELROD, DINA (3-year Student) 293 Peshine Ave.
Commercial. Prospects: Normal School
"True genius kindles, fair fame inspires."

Vice-President of Literary Club; Secretary of 4A Class; Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT; Staff Typist; Winner of two Underwood Typewriting Medals; PIVOT Committee; Class-day Committee; Armory Exposition; Camera Club; Glee Club; Gym Exposition; Operetta; Riding Club; Swimming Club; G. O. Member; English "C."

Dina is one of Central's real efficiency experts, a thorough student and successful in many pursuits. Some day she'll be receiving eight thousand.

TREASURER

FISCHER, MORRIS

Technical. Prospects: Architecture

"That one small head should carry all he knew."

Treasurer of 4A Class; Assistant Manager of Bookroom, Overall Club; Debating Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Sales force of PIVOT; Radio Club; Mathematics Club; Technical Club.

Morris is popular among his fellows. He has been an asset to our class. Too bad he didn't get to shine in the 4B "Pair of Sixes."

THE PIVOT



ADLER, ANNA

246 W. Kinney Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"As the bright sun glorifies the sky"
So is her face illumined with her eye.

Executive Board of 4C Class; Swimming Club; Vice-President of Riding Club; Pin Committee of Swimming Club; Pin Committee of Riding Club; Literary Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Dancing Class; Gym Exhibition; PIVOT Board; PIVOT Committee; Camera Club; Journalist Club; 4B Prom Committee.

Anna is one of Central's lively girls. Her winning ways will be an asset to the company and her capabilities will see way to improve the business. We wish her success in all her undertakings.

ARGALAS, MARIE

92 Shepard Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Marie did not mingle socially, but she certainly has a host of friends and minds her own affairs. Here's hoping she'll be the "First Lady of the Land."

BARENBAUM, PAULINE

228 Charlton Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

Look cheerfully upon me."

Chess and Checkers' Club; Skyrockets; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Literary Club; Journalist Club; 4B Ring Committee; 4B Executive Committee; Secretary of Literary Club.

Besides being a studious girl, Pauline has given much of her time to the school activities. She is well equipped to meet the future. She'll swim through, or shoot through, or ride through. She'll get there.

BEINER, Morris M.

73 Peshine Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Morris is a quiet fellow, we wish all the success in the world. Good luck!

THE PIVOT



BLOCK, WILMA

200 Renner Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"A dimple in each cheek."

President of the Riding Club; Girl's Dancing Class; Chess and Checkers' Club; Camera Club; Dramatic Club; Journalist Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; PIVOT Board; Underwood Typewriting Medal; 4B Prom Committee; 4C Executive Committee.

Wilma has been a real force in our class—with good suggestions for all occasions. She will be an ornament and a power to any business man.

BORTS, ROSELLA

491 Avon Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Normal.

"I love to mark the lingering sun."

Girls' A. A.; Glee Club; Prom Committee; Dancing Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Journalist Club.

Rosella is a jolly girl, always found among a group of friends. She will invent a machine to teach pupils, while she types her books.

BRAMS, MOLLIE

27 Seventh Avenue

General. Prospects: Normal School.

"Athletics means the world to me."

Girls' Service Club; Pin Committee; President Swimming Club; Treasurer Swimming Club; Girls' Riding Club; Central Girl Reserves; Vice-President Chess and Checkers' Club; Skyrockets; Armory Exhibits; Senior Relay Team '23; Field Meet; Honors in Gym; Senior PIVOT Board.

Mollie has as many Croix de Guerre as General Foch and General Haig combined. Keep it up, Mollie!

COHEN, DOROTHY

370 Hawthorne Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Normal.

"A merry heart goes round the whole day."

Swimming Club; History Club; Literary Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Girls' Riding Club.

Although a quiet girl, Dorothy is well occupied with school activities. A happy heart gives promise of future content.



DOERFLINGER, WILLIAM

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

"I awoke one day to find myself famous."

Vice-President of Technical Club; Member of Technical Club. G. O. Member.

Another member of our silence club, who has successfully reached one of his aims. We are sure that his "Silence" will make him a second "John D."

DVOVRES, RUTH

11 Somerset Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"A modest violet sheds its sweetness on the desert air."

Journalist Club; Literary Club, Swimming Club; Gym Exhibition. One of our clever girls, who has won fame through English talent and friends by her amiable disposition. She will enjoy a happy life emulating Mary Roberts Rinehart.

EDWARDS, MILDRED

17 Scott Street

General Course. Prospects: Supervisor of Music

"She maketh sweet music."

Glee Club; Operetta; Orchestra. We see Mildred managing a music school and going on tour.

FINKLESTEIN, FLORENCE

161 Lehigh Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Columbia

"Such joy ambition finds."

Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition.

Florence is a pleasant friend who lives happily as "She passes this way but once."

THE PIVOT



FIORITO, MARIE (3½-Year Student) 223 Hunterdon St.

Arts French. Prospects: N. Y. School of Applied Arts

"Such looks, such ways, such arts hadst thou."

Vice-President of Cartoonist Club; Art Editor of PIVOT; Art Editor of 4B and 4A "Step Inn"; Art Editor of Corn Huskers Carnival; Girls' Service Club; Chairman of Activity Board of Senior PIVOT; PIVOT Board; Art Editor of Girls' Service Club Social; Basketball; Dante Literary Society; Glee Club; History Club; Riding Club; Swimming Club; G. O. Member; English "C."

Marie is a club woman who has time for all the Club's Departments. We see her in the future the president of "The Contemporary of Newark," so versatile that under her supervision the Art and Home Decoration Departments will vie with the Literary and Dramatic Sections to reach new heights of fame.

FISHBEIN, ANNA

856 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"I should think your tongue had broken its chain."

Swimming Club; Riding Club; Literary Club; History Club; Girls' Reserves; Lieutenant of 4C Drive; Radio Club.

A popular member of the silence club. Anna, however, has a cheery smile for everyone, and will make a capable social secretary.

FOSMAN, SARA

458 Hawthorne Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Normal.

"Splitting the air with noise."

PIVOT Board; Literary Staff; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Camera Club; Literary Club.

As a supernormal athlete and ready competitor, Sara is without equal. Drive your horse steadily Sara and you will win your goal.

FRAWERT, MINNIE

25 Peshine Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"I would help others."

A quiet little secretary in a bright, well-arranged corner! Watch the orders, Minnie.

THE PIVOT



FRIEDMAN, EMILY

29 Goodwin Avenue

Arts French. Prospects: Yale.

"She's noted for her smiles and following clearly all the styles."

Vice-President of 4B Class; 4C Executive Committee; President of 4B Class; Literary Department of PIVOT; Riding Club; Assembly Talk for 4B Pencil Campaign, Literary Club, Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT; Cartoonist Club; Girls' Service Club.

Amiability and fidelity have made Emily always popular. The first woman professor in Yale had better look out for her laurels.

FRIEDMAN, ROSE

17 Beacon Street

Commercial German-Spanish. Prospects: N. J. Law School

" 'Tis guid to be merry and wise"

" 'Tis guid to be honest and true."

Editorial PIVOT Board; Camera Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Journalist Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Staff Typist.

Rose is a real all-round girl and her jolly jokes make her ever welcome. Imagine what will happen to her opponent lawyers and his honor the judge, when she pleads a case.

GELLER, STAFFORD

327 Bergen Street

General. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"He'd prove by force of argument a man will have his will."

Vice-President Literary Club, PIVOT Board; Chess and Checkers' Club; Rookie Club; Riding Club, Dramatic Club, Treasurer 4C Class, Cartoonist Club, Camera Club, Rifle Club.

U. P. wants such as Stafford. There's room at the top and we expect to see him climb.

GELLINGTON, ANN B.

273-275 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Gentle in manner, resolute in action."

Girls' Service Club; Glee Club; Operetta; Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Senior PIVOT Board; First Prize Winner Mabel Brownell Essay Contest.

As a writer Ann's future is still hidden under a bushel. It will be revealed one of these days.

THE PIVOT



GERSON, ANNA

218 Prince Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"The bloom of poppies is in her face."

Riding Club, Swimming Club, History Club.

A pleasing personality will win for Anna when she combines it with character and reliability.



GIRION, ZELDA

317 Belmont Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"I work for the night is coming."

Literary Club; Journalist Club; Gym Exhibition; Swimming Club; Girls' Reserves; Chess and Checkers' Club; Riding Club; History Club.

A studious girl is Zelda. She is bound to accomplish anything she undertakes. Let joy even your labors, Zelda.



GUILIANO, ANGELINE

26 Shanley Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Normal School

"Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Gynnasium Exposition; Armory Exposition; Basketball Team; Athletic Association; Girls' Service Club; 4C Executive Committee; Manager of Skyrockets; English "C" PIVOT Agent.

A real business girl! Always on hand at exactly the right time! Opportunity will find her ready when he knocks.



GORDON, MABEL

472 Bergen Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"Calm and as unruffled as the summer sea."

Treasurer Girls' Riding Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Staff Typist for PIVOT; News Secretary; Gym Exhibition; Senior PIVOT Board.

Mabel has the business world before her. You will ascend the ladder, Mabel.

THE PIVOT



GORSCH, SADYE

309 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal School.

"A smile that glowed celestial ruddy red."

Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Skyrockets; Gym Exhibition; Girl Reserves; Senior PIVOT Board; History Club.

Sadye steps into a world of countless possibilities. Don't try too many, Sadye, and you will make your personality felt.

GREFER, MARGARET

780 Summer Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"She is good as she is fair."

4C Executive Board; Armory Exhibition; Girls' Service Club; Gym Exhibition; Assembly Reporter. Champion Typist for Sept. 1923.

Margaret enjoys a sterling popularity which is a great compliment. She need have no fear for the future holds greatness for her.

GROSS, PEARL

562 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Normal.

"In faith lady, you have a merry heart."

Riding Club; Literary Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; G. O. Member; Journalist Club.

Pearl devoted herself to her studies. Ask her to play Mrs. Nettleton and you'll see a real actress.

HAHN, MARGUERITE

826 South 13th Street

Prospects: Normal.

"The PIVOT will know her no more."

Business Manager of PIVOT; Auditor of PIVOT; Senior PIVOT Board; Girl Service Member; Gymnasium Exhibition; Armory.

The PIVOT records respond to her glance, the PIVOT bills go at her bidding. Nothing but a C. P. A. will stop her.

THE PIVOT



HIRSCHFIELD, MYN

339 South Sixth Street

Commercial German. Prospects. Undecided.

"For she's not forward, but as modest as a dove."

Glee Club; Operetta; Swimming Club; Central Reserves; Winner of Typewriting Medals of 40 and 50 Words.

Myn, though shy and retiring has a fine disposition, and many friends. Her appetite for history is amazing! Make some, Myn!



HOFFMAN, HERBERT

612 South Orange Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"I shall not look upon his kind again."

Herbert's counting house will be a model place. Here's hoping the little stenog brings joy with her.



HOROWITZ, REBECCA

139 Bond Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Dramatic Club, Swimming Club, Girls' Riding Club, 4C Refreshment Committee; Gym Exhibit; Literary Club; 4B Refreshment Committee.

Rebecca will file her employer's business from A to Z. Then she will smile and radiate content throughout the firm.



KANIN, BERTHA

30 Hillside Avenue

General German. Prospects: Normal.

"Cheerful company makes short miles."

Girls' Service Club; G. O. Delegate; Literary Club; President of Literary Club; Vice-President Swimming Club; History Club; Pin Committee Swimming Club; Dancing Class; Chess and Checker Club; 4C Executive Club.

Popularity and cheer make Bertha a happy liver. She will be a Demosthenes yet.

THE PIVOT



KAPLAN, GERTRUDE

196 Renner Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"I shall not look upon her kind again."

Riding Club; Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Vice-President of 4C Class; Executive Committee; City Department; Journalist Club; 4C Carnival Committee.

Gertrude has well earned the praise of all her many friends. She will reach the pinnacle of success. She has started in Central.

KAZANJIAN, ANNA

100 Elwood Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."

Anna's individuality is as yet an unfolded bud. The future will probably reveal a genius here!

KOUSKY, ELEANORE

428 Morris Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"The day in which one does not laugh is lost."

Swimming Club; Dante Literary Society; Literary Society; Basketball '22; Gym Exhibition.

Eleanore is noted for her jolly ways. The faculty believe in her ability. The sooner you prove it the better, Eleanore.

KRAUTBLATT, WILLIAM

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

"There's stuff in him that put him to these ends."

Technical Club; G. O. Member.

Although, William has not been socially inclined he has proven to be a true friend and honest worker. He needs a General to lead him on! Be your own general, William.



LAU, ELSIE

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"She mixed studies and sports,
And mixed both well."

Girls' A. A.; Athletic Meet; Hawk; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Junior Basketball Team; Senior Basketball Team; Skyrockets Basketball Team; Skyrockets Track Team; Captain of Skyrockets Basketball Team; Field Meet.

Elsie is a good sport in both the field of athletics and the field of knowledge. She intends to leave tracks on the road to fame.

LEVENSON, GLADYS

49 Rankin Street

General Arts. Prospects: Academy of Designing

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

President of Girls' Service Club '22; Vice-President of Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; G. O. Delegate of Girls' Service Club; Vice-President of 4B Class; Treasurer of 4C Class; Treasurer of Swimming Club; Literary Club; Journalist Club; G. O. Member; Chairman of Theatre Party Committee; Decoration Committee for Musical Convention; 1C Social Committee; Glee Club; Operetta.

Her ardent participation in school affairs and her ability to make friends has certainly proven her feminine talent. We can see social success ahead of her, and abundance of friends and joys.

LEVIN, CELIA

80 Monmouth Street

Commercial History. Prospects: Undecided.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, plain set best."

Swimming Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Literary Club; 4C Refreshment Committee, 4B Ticket Committee; 4B Refreshment Committee; Cast in "General Slang's Downfall."

Celia is the "good reliable" and has produced some splendid work during her stay at Central. Good luck to you.

LUSTIG, ARTHUR

36 Hillside Place

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

"The name that dwells on every tongue."

Football, '20, '21, '22, '23; Class Relay; Gym Exhibition.

Lustig's battling strength is as the strength of ten. Professional ball and salesmanship offer openings to such men as he. Go right into it, Arthur!



MANN, KATHERINE

150 Livingston Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"True nobility attends her always."

Swimming Club; Treasurer Girls' Swimming Club; Service Club; Basketball; Riding Club; Gym Exhibition.

Katherine is a girl with twinkling eyes, always smiling, eager to help, and liked by everyone. She was a champion History shark.

MARTINKA, SUSAN

44 Monmouth Street

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"I would be friends with you and have your love."

Dante Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Girls' Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

Suzanne is one of Central's coming girls. "Come out" and prove it, Suzanne.

MAZZEI, AGNES

19 Sixth Avenue

General. Prospects: Undecided.

"It is a friendly heart that has many friends."

Dante Literary Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' Field Day; Basketball.

Agnes' charming personality will make her boss proud to have her in his office. Her prospects will soon be decided.

MEGARO, FRANK

222 Garside Street

Technical. Prospects: College.

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach."

Technical Club; 4A PIVOT Board; Assistant Sales Manager; Radio Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Stamp Club; Rifle Club; Camera Club; Tennis Club; Dante Literary Society.

Frank is one of our boys who has put lots of "pep" into the class. The "go" with him will insure success in life.

THE PIVOT



MEISLER, EVA

100 Barclay Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"With reproof on her lip and
Smile in her eye."

Typewriting Medal.

Depth is bound to come to the surface. Eva has the goods!

MICHELSTEIN, HERMAN

514 So. Belmont Avenue

General Course. Prospects: Music

"Music is the universal soul of mankind"

Orchestra 6, 7, 7. Concert Master, 8.

Michaelstein is the champion advertisement getter. He will surely make a success of his orchestra, as leader and advertising manager.

NAJARIAN, ROSE

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"As frank as rain
On cheery blossoms."

Rose is one of our demure lasses with hosts of friends. Her ever obliging ways will open a place for her in the future.

NUSSENBAUM, GOLDIE

88-90 Sixteenth Ave.

General. Prospect: Undecided.

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could master all she knew."

Swimming Club; Literary Club; Gym Exhibition, Riding Club.

Early rising will aid Goldie's stature, but her disposition is the sun's rays themselves. She is there with the quality that comes in small packages.



O'DESKY, EDWARD S.

184 Avon Avenue

General. Prospects: University of Md.

"There is a laughing devil in his eye."

Ed.-in-Chief of PIVOT; Assistant Art Editor; President of the Cartoon Club; Central Rookies; Step Inn; Central Service Club; Literary Club; Dramatic Club; Rifle Club.

"Ed.", our editor, has proven his worth at Central. Central is proud of his cartoons, his etiquette and his masterful spirit. The world lies open to you, "Ed." Don't let Steinke monopolize the field.

OSTERWEIL, TILLIE

62 Howard Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

4B and 4C Staff Typist; Swimming Club; Gym Exhibition; Journalist Club; Armory Exhibition.

Besides being a studious maid, Tillie is always thoughtful of others. Won't she be the home-maker, when the Cave Man comes?

POLLINGER, LOUIS

1777 Prince Street

College Prep. Prospects: N. Y. Y.

"Let his commission have its way."

President of Literary Club; Vice-President of Literary Club; President of Chess and Checkers' Club; Forum, Executive Board 4C Class; Camera Club Radio Club; Boys' Riding Club; Stamp and Coin Club; City Department; Boys' Service Club; Tennis Club.

Ever busy and full of business, Louis, will not wait to be pushed. His "push" will bring him "pull."

RABIN, HELEN

134 Summer Street

Commercial History. Prospects: Undecided.

"Charm strikes the eye
And merit wins the soul."

Swimming Club; Literary Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Riding Club; 4C Refreshment Committee; 4B Dance Committee; 4B Refreshment Committee; Winner of prize essay.

Helen has been very well liked by our Centralites and faculty. Some day she will come out and surprise us.

THE PIVOT



RANUCCI, IDA

502 Fifteenth Avenue

General. Prospects: Normal School.

"Patient of toil, serene amidst alarm."

Dante Literary Society; Glee Club; PIVOT.

When Ida leaves school she is going to practice Camp's Daily Dozen. Soon she'll be so robust that the Board of Education will welcome her as playground Director.

RICKLAS, FANNIE

75 Quitman Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Give me the World and its joy."

Cast General Slang's Downfall; Gym Exposition; Literary Club; Glee Club; Girls' Reserves; Riding Club; PIVOT Agent; Swimming Club; History Club.

Fannie is a "real" girl—alive, and able. She will show us!

RIEFF, EVELYN

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"And still be doing never be done."

Swimming Club; Girls' Reserves; Journalist Club; Literary Club; Riding Club; Gym Exhibition.

Her friendly nature invites a host of friends. She devotes most of her time to her studies. Business will find in her a devoted ally.

ROSENBERG, SYLVIA

28 Ridgewood Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Normal.

"Full of quaint humor."

Sylvia is a serious sort of girl, reserving most of her humor for out of school. She must be less backward about coming forward.



ROSKOS, GISELLA M.

346 W. Kinney . .

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"It is good to live and learn."

Girls' Service Club; Gym Exhibition.

Gisella is popular among her friends and an earnest worker who has justly met her reward.

SAUER, CHARLES

43 Warren Place

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"Work will always conquer."

Orchestra.

Workers like Charles make good friends. Keep it up, Charles, the world need efficiency engineers!

SCHEIN, IRVING O.

437 South 10th Street

Technical. Prospects: Cooper Union.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Technical Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Boys' Swimming Slu.

Irving may be termed a wise owl, who knows more than he tells. Speaks well for you, Irving.

SCHUMACHER, GUSTAV

131 South 6th Street

General. Prospects: Undecided.

"Education maketh a wise man."

Glee Club; Orchestra; Chess and Checkers' Club.

Make up your mind, Gustav. A man gets what he goes after in this world.



SCHNEIDER, BERTHA

239 Bruce Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Patience awaits the destined day."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Dancing Class; Central Girls' Reserves; Central Literary Club; Spanish Club.

Bertha has found herself in 4A and intends to make good.



SCHWARZMAN, ISADORE

50 Belmont Ave.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Chess and Checkers' Club; Stamp and Coin Club.

Isadore has been an ambitious worker. His success in any field of endeavor is assured.



SOMMER, HENRIETTA

General. Prospects: Business.

"If work interferes with pleasure, give up work."

Swimming Club; Gym Exhibition; Girls' Service Club.

Henrietta is a girl with sparkling eyes, and an ever ready smile for everyone. We see her running a big business and the boss.



SOMMERS, HARRY

53 Madison Avenue

Commercial: Prospects: N. Y. College of Pharmacy

"Little by little the end is obtained."

Reporter to Mr. Wiener's Assembly Talks.

Harry has shown the essentials of true comradeship at all times. He'll be a leader yet.

THE PIVOT



STARKMAN, ANNA

294 Fifteenth Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"At every pass, with toil and net."

Service Club; PIVOT Staff; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Journalist Club; Swimming Club; Dancing Class; Armory Exhibition; Literary Club; Camera Club; "Step Inn"; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers' Club; Corn Huskers Carnival; 4B Ex. Board.

Anna has met with success more than her share of the business affairs of our class. A ring of joy and golden opportunity will reward you, Anna. As an actress, she showed great ability.



STEIN, SARA

673 South 18th Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"She's noted for her smiles."

Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' Riding Club; Glee Club; Girls' Gymnasium; Morning Forum; Honor Roll Assistant.

The world lies open to you, Sara!



STEINBERG, ETHEL (3½-year Student) 1414 Springfield Ave.

Arts, French. Prospects: Normal.

"Then let me profit by my chance."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Operetta.

Ethel is a good-natured, jolly pal. We can only see success ahead of her. Appreciation of the humorous and piquant will fill her life with joy.



STEMPLER, OSCAR

46 Rose Terrace

College Preparatory. Prospects: University of Maryland

"Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

Treasurer of 4B Class; PIVOT Board; Service Club; President of Literary Club; Vice-President of Chess and Checkers' Club; President of Literary Club; Vice-President of Chess and Checker Club; President of Dramatic Club; "Step Inn"; President of Stamp and Coin Club; Radio Club; Rifle Club; Central Rookies; Swimming Club; Pres. of Tennis Club; Captain of Advertising PIVOT.

Oscar does so many things, he hasn't time to do anything. Take time, Oscar, or opportunity will slip by.



STERNER, MARJORIE

353 North Seventh St.

General. Prospects: Undecided.

"Mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

Marjorie is a conscientious student, and is always willing to extend a willing hand. The world beckons, Marjorie.

VALK, ALFRED J.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"I would I were older and Knighthood could bear."

Service Club; Chess and Checker Club; Stamp Club; Debating Club; Assistant Manager of Bookroom, Riding Club; Assistant Sales Manager of the PIVOT, Overall Club; Journalist Club.

Alfred, combines popularity with "pep." He will see the world and then conquer it.

VOLLMAN, KATHERINE

168 Bank Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Quiet as an owl by day."

Girls' Riding Club; Literary Club.

Katherine is a sly and modest girl, and we regard her as a pleasant friend. The business of the boss will be perfect under her supervision.

WEISS, MABEL

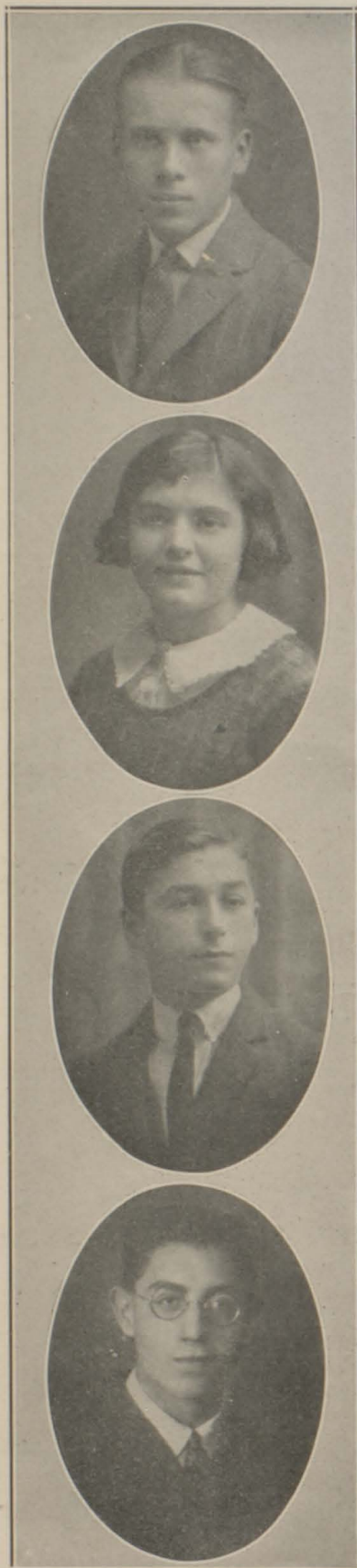
31 Morton Street

General French. Prospects: Normal.

"Some people thing the world is made for fun and frolic
And so do I."

History Club; Swimming Club; Corn Huskers' Carnival.

Mabel's jolly disposition has forged for her a chain of friendships. Best wishes, Mabel.



WERLE, HOWARD

144 Parker Avenue

Technical. Prospects: College

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure,
and pleasure my business."

President of Technical Club; Radio Club; Rifle Club.

We are sure that Howard will put things across. He's big enough
for "Big Business."

WIENER, ANNA

16 Avon Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Normal School.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."
Senior PIVOT Board; City Department.

During Anna's short stay in Central she has shown executive ability
of high order. We expect great things from you, Anna.

WINARSKY, BEN

32 Monmouth Street

Commercial German. Prospects: N. J. Law

"Learning by study must be won,
T'was n'er entitled from son to son."

Boys' Swimming Club; Radio Club; Chess and Checkers' Club;
Caroonist Club.

He has been a merry fellow who has enjoyed his school career.
When he finds himself, he'll settle down and go to it.

YAFFE, AARON

94 Magnolia Street

College Prep. Prospects: N. J. College of Pharmacy

"There are dangers to dare, and spoils to be won."

Associate Editor of PIVOT; President of History Club; Vice-
President of Literary Club; Vice-President of Chess and Checkers'
Club; Personals Editor; City Editor of PIVOT; Membership Com-
mittee of Boys' Service Club; Chairman of 4B Prom; Sales Manager
of Senior PIVOT; Winner of Old English "C"; Tennis Club; Swim-
ming Club; Riding Club.

Yaffe stands out as one of Central's students, we can see this by his
long list of activities. Steady, Aaron, if you do as well the other half
as you do the other half, your success is assured.

THE PIVOT

BURNETT, RODNEY

324 Belleville Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: University of S. Carolina

Veni! Vidi! Vici!

Football '18, '19, '20, '22; Track 18; Swimming Champion of 1920; Rifle Team, Service Club, Technical Club, Winner of English "C".

Burnett has been a varsity star for four years. Is it to be Michigan or U. P. Burnett?

DOYLE, HELEN

242 North 5th Street

General Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Helen is like the class motto—"Ever faithful and true."

KELLEY, WILLIAM

Technical. Prospects: College

"Lo! the conquering hero comes."

Technical Club, Vice-President Mathematics Club; Vice-President Swimming Club, Chess and Checkers' Club; Chemistry Club, Gym Exhibition, Senior Follies.

Kelley has a goal to gain. He'll never fear the hurdles.

PEYSER, LINCOLN G.

5 Wainwright Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"All things come to him who waits."

Orchestra; Chess and Checkers' Club; Circulation Manager of PIVOT; Assistant Manager of PIVOT.

Peyser is just another of our popular fellows around school. His friends, and the faculty will miss his jovial presence.

SEIFER, ABE

490 South 11th Street

General. Prospects: Business.

"Life is not so short, but there is always time for courtesy."

Boys' Swimming Club; Rifle Club; Central Rockies; C. M. T. Club; Glee Club; Chess and Checkers' Club.

Abe has made lasting friends at Central, and had the time of his life at Plattsburg. He will be a noted lecturer before long.

TRELEASE, LEROY

8 Sidney Avenue

General. Prospects: Undecided.

"He soon will reach the sky and bring the gods' gifts down."

Glee Club; Rifle Club; Swimming Club.

A man must make his way. Put forward your best efforts, Roy, and beat the other fellow.

VOLOW, GEORGE

533 South Orange Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Columbia

"And he certainly was a good fellow."

Orchestra; Chess and Checkers' Club; Literary Club; Secretary Boys' Swimming Club; Rifle Club; Treasurer Rifle Club; President Rifle Club; Technical Club; Camera Club.

George has lived up to being a Senior 4A. We enjoyed him.



MR. EDGAR L. DICKERSON

We have been called on to face the loss of a coworker, a teacher and a companion. Edgar L. Dickerson, our fellow teacher, our instructor and friend spent the major portion of his life in Newark. He was a graduate of the Newark High School, Class of 1898. Four years later he was graduated from Rutgers College having specialized in biological science, which interested him from early boyhood.

From 1902 to 1911 he was Assistant Entomologist of New Jersey and taught in the New Jersey Agricultural College. During this time he did a great amount of work on mosquito extermination and on the control of insects destructive to crops and plants of all kinds.

In September 1911 he was appointed instructor in science in Barrington High School. He was transferred to Central High School when that school opened in February 1912 and was head of Department of Biological Sciences and Commercial Geography, when he was taken from us.

His activities were not confined to school but he took great interest in his church and in the betterment of the community in which he lived. It was largely through his efforts that a community house was completed recently in Nutley where he made his home.

His interest in his pupils was always felt and those fortunate enough to have been in his classes caught an inspiration for science and realized that their teacher was a man of great worth. His kindly manner and his keen sense of humor made it pleasant to be in his company. The principles for which he stood were of the highest and everyone admired him as a man of high character. The teachers and pupils of Central High School and the Board of Education have suffered a great loss. We shall miss him but we are better for having known him.

POPULARITY CONTEST

Best Looking Girl
Henrietta Sommer
Mabel Weiss
Best Looking Boy
Lincoln Peyser
Frank Megaro
Most Popular Boy
Emanuel Sosnow
Edward O'Desky
Most Popular Girl
Helen Dunworth
Gladys Levenson
Class Pest
Aaron Yaffe
Best Boy Dresser
Frank Megaro
Lincoln Peyser
Best Girl Dresser
Gladys Levenson
Wilma Block
Best Boy Athlete
Arthur Lustig
Anthony Ilvento
Best Girl Athlete
Mollie Brams
Sara Fosman
Calamity Jane
Anna Fishbein
Calamity John
Isadore Schwarzman
Most Studious Boy
Harry Sommers
Charles Sauer
Most Studious Girl
Dina Axelrod
Anna Wiener
Class Baby
Morris Fischer
Goldie Nussenbaum
Best Boy Dancer
Emanuel Sosnow
Isadore Schwarzman
Frank Megaro

Best Girl Dancer
Helen Dunworth
Emily Friedman
Class Politician
Anna Adler
Gertrude Kaplan
Best Girl Speaker
Bertha Kanin
Dina Axelrod
Best Boy Speaker
William Krutblatt
Arthur Lustig
Biggest Boy Bluffer
Oscar Stempler
Edward O'Desky
Biggest Girl Bluffer
Fannie Ricklas
Noisest Girl
Fannie Ricklas
Anna Adler
Noisest Boy
Aaron Yaffe
Ben Winarsky
Best Boy Mixer
Oscar Stempler
William Krautblatt
Best Girl Mixer
Marie Fiorito
Emily Friedman
Jolliest Boy
Morris Fischer
Alfred Volk
Jolliest Girl
Wilma Block
Mabel Weiss
Teacher's Pet
Sadye Gorse
Anna Wiener
Most Boyish Girl
Gertrude Kaplan
Mollie Brams
Most Girlish Boy
Stafford Geller
Charles Sauer

Most Obliging Boy
Morris Beiner
Alfred Volk
Most Obliging Girl
Rose Friedman
Florence Finklestein
Class Vamp
Henrietta Sommer
Helen Rabin
Class Sheikh
Ben Winarsky
Stafford Geller
Quietest Boy
Harry Sommers
Benjamin Gela
Quietest Girl
Celia Levin
Margaret Grefer
Laziest Boy
Louis Pollinger
George Volow
Laziest Girl
Ethel Steinberg
Anna Fishbein
Wittiest Boy
Morris Beiner
William Doerflinger
Wittiest Girl
Katherine Mann
Mabel Gordon
Hardest Worker
Helen Dunworth
Marie Fiorito
Most Conceited Girl
Anna Starkman
Most Conceited Boy
Edward O'Desky
Oscar Stempler
Best All-Round Girl
Mabel Gordon
Anna Adler
Best All-Round Boy
Emanuel Sosnow

Compliments of
14K STAR JEWELRY MFG. CO.

Compliments of
L. GOODMAN
Fine Confections and Cigars
812 Summer Avenue

THE PIVOT

CLASS PROPHECY

By MARIE FIORITO

I WAS awakened from a sound sleep by "Extra! Extra!" Just then the doorbell rang! It was a Western Union representative with a telegram. Opening it hastily, I read: "Come at once! The PIVOT sails November 5, 1933."

The representative was Julius Stark, who came himself to wish me for his Company "Bon Voyage." My newspaper was sending me on a cruise around the world on the newest, biggest monster oil-cruiser ever constructed.

Jumping into my Rolls Royce racer, I made for the dock. Suddenly an officer blew his whistle. I was caught! I could not defy the law. So I drew up with a jerk. Behold! Lincoln Peyser, Chief of Police, held out his hand to wish me luck, presenting at the same a ticket to the great Lustig vs. Dempsey fight, to be held in Cuba in three days.

Speeding on I reach the dock—where the committee stood waiting for the christening ceremony. Imagine my joy to find that Central High School, which owned this mammoth "Pivot," was represented by Mr. Snodgrass, who was chairman of the committee; Mr. Earl Griffith, the noted artist; Mr. Boyle, advertising manager; and Mr. Mumma, business manager.

The christening ceremony began in a few minutes. Mr. Snodgrass called upon the speaker of the occasion—Mr. William Wiener, far-famed Principal of Central High School, who came forward and aroused the entire audience by his delineation of the dreams of Centralites come true. Hundreds of alumni cheered as he named the good ship "Pivot," and she slid into the bay.

On board the boat, the worthy matron led me solemnly to my cabin. Then we fell upon each other's necks with joy, for she was my old friend, Gertrude Kaplan. In the cabin were the First and Second mates—Emily Friedman, and Dina Axelrod, now experienced efficiency experts on sailing ships. These officers conducted me to the Captain, a business man of note, Edward O'Desky, who sketched our world tour.

While speaking of the "Good old days," we heard another familiar tone. Who could be thus disturbing the peace? Why no one else than Helen Dunworth scolding her companion, Dorothy Cohen, for having neglected "Fifi." She was more than amazed to see me. She told me her mission was to be presented to King George of England as the second wife of Viscount Astor. Frank Megaro was also on board, and was on his way to France to give them the best points on American jazz. After six days

of travel we came to the Canary Islands. I landed, accompanied by Emily Friedman. We visited a showy building, and our eyes caught sight of a sign which read: "Jacob Polonsky, Breeder of Canaries." What a familiar name! We entered the office, and he showed us the different breeds of canaries. We were forced to leave, because Emily was beginning to get the Canaria. Within a short time we returned to the "Pivot," which sailed the next morning for Africa.

We reached Cairo in a few days and there we were welcomed by Aaron Yates, "King Tut" of 1933, A. D. He showed us his magnificent palace on the outskirts of the city. We were entertained by his two famous dancers, Tillie Osterweil and Katherine Mann. My! How these girls had changed. During the short time there we were treated with great hospitality.

We were informed by "King Tut" that a handsome sheik roamed upon the sands of the Sahara.

We left the tombs, hired a guide and went to interview this Sheik. To our surprise the guide was Harry Sommers, who had found city life too tiresome, and resolved to lead a quiet life. We arrived at the tent of the Great Sheik, who treated us kindly, and served us with sweet foods of the desert. I knew him sure enough, it was Winarsky, of course. He was not a real Sheik, but a former city chap. We bade him good-bye, and took a trip to an oasis in the desert, owned by a 20th Century Cleopatra. As we reached the destined place we were encountered by two Egyptian guards, Doerflinger and Krautblatt. We gave them the "High Sign" and entered. Cleopatra greeted us. We recognized Anna Adler, dressed in elaborate Egyptian robes. As we were being entertained by Cleopatra's favorites, Anna Gerson and Minnie Frawert, the High Priest, none other than Louis Pollinger, announced two messengers, who were adorned in royal Egyptian garb. They were Abe Seifer and Morris Fischer, cotton merchants of Cairo.

We went back to our Cruiser, and returned to Spain, Sunny Spain! Land of bygone troubadours, dancers, and toreadors. We landed, boarded an aeroplane and sped out of Madrid. We secured tickets for the bull fight, and awaited the hero's arrival. We caught sight of his face, and recognized him to be Emanuel Sosnow, the most daring bull fighter of the season. After the victory was won, we were informed by Sosnow that his partner during his stay in Spain was Howard Werle.

Our next stop was to Dazzling France and Gay Paris!

THE PIVOT

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued from page 40)

We sped on to Paris. When we got there we learned that Mabel Weiss was running a Casino for actors and actresses on the east bank of the Seine. Some of her star boarders were Pearl Gross, dramatic actress of Paris, and Anna Starkman, the world-renowned jazz queen. We were very anxious to go to the Latin Quarter, so we bade our friends farewell. When we arrived there we were astounded to see that Henrietta Sommer and Ethel Steinberg had "Voice Culture Studios." They had become very Frenchified in their smocks and ties. We were informed that within a short time they were to appear upon the concert stage. Last, but not least, we could not miss the New Olympic Champs. So we went on to Antwerp, where the champs were training. As we arrived there, we were greeted by Angeline Guliano, the new discus and javalin thrower champ; Mollie Brams, who had just finished her training on hurdles, basketball, and the like. She was to compete with Camelia Sabie. Elsie Lau, and Sara Fosman then came upon the scene and they were going to win laurels by swimming the English Channel, all champs from the Ruhnke School of Sports.

Our next stop was to be in Switzerland. The plane sailed rather low, and as we looked below, our eyes caught sight of Sara Stein, Zelda Girion, and Frieda Schnittlich, the skiing stars. Our next stop was to be Italy, land of Romance. "On to Venice," burred Emily, "To Venice!" On reaching Venice we saw Anna Weiner and Marjorie Sterner in a gondola, and the gondolier none other than Charles Sauer. Our friends were now authoresses, and were in Venice to get their setting. As we were about to leave them a radio concert began, and it announced from Rome that Herman Michelstein was to give a violin recital and Herman Shapiro to recite upon the "Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam." We left Venice and flew back to our cruiser which was still anchored at the Spanish port. We set sail for the East—Persia, "Land of mysteries!" There we visited the famous Persian Carpet Manufacturer, LeRoy Trelease, living happily with his wife, Rose Najarian. Strange that they should have married; but they did so through Oscar Stemplar's Love Agency, which had branches all over the world.

On to India! Our first visit was to the "Rajah of Goo-goo," in other words our former pal, Stafford Geller. He looked great in his "regalia." We were introduced to his princess wife, Fannie Ricklas. Rose Friedman was there learning Hindoo secrets, and giving advice and beauty chats to tourists. We left this magnificent place and went on to China. Our cruiser anchored at Hong Kong while we went on to Peking, and to our surprise we found Helen Rabin and Morris Beiner ruling in China. We boarded our cruiser again, and sailed for Tokio, where

we found an American Delegation which had aided in the reconstruction of the city. We were greeted by Isadore Schwarzman, chairman, and Herbert Hoffman, secretary. The missionaries were Eva Meisler, Bertha Schneider, Ruth Dvoves and Katherine Vollman. The city was rebuilt in fine style.

We were to be in Australia to witness the tennis meet between Australia and the United States. The American team was a powerful one. It consisted of Anthony Ilvento and Irving Schein. We then departed from Australia and headed for Hawaii. We sailed the calm and unruffled sea for a week, until we reached the Islands. Here we found Suzanne Martinka teaching Mythology to the natives. We were also embraced by Mabel Gordon and Bertha Kanin who were on vacation for the season at the Casino of Mrs. Vanderbilt, our former school-mate Margaret Grefer. They served us with pineapple frappe. The delicious Gela Pineapples were from the Gela plantation.

We had now traveled almost three-quarters of the way around the world. So far all the climates had been warm and mild; but now for the cold frigid region, "Alaska." As we neared this peninsula, the air had already changed, and we were forced to put on our winter garb. We landed, and the first thing that caught our eye was the enormous sign which read Gustav Schumacher, Chief of the North American Seal Fisheries. Gustav himself came out to greet us, and said that he had been on a seal hunt and had brought in a thousand seal skins. (He was trying to skin some time.) Our captain and his mates disembarked also on this strip to make a few sketches of the mountains of ice.

My companion and I left to visit the Eskimo Regions. Here we encountered our old school pal, Eleanore Kousky, together with Helen Doyle, training teams for the dog race which was coming off within a few days. And they inhabited an open camp in such climate, how bold! As usual they had not changed. It was here we ate the real Eskimo Pies.

We returned our ship where a warm dinner awaited us. We were now sailing along the coast of Canada. As we neared Seattle, we saw a sign "Salmon Cannery." It was under the auspices of George Volow and his wife, Ann Gellington.

We sailed on, heading for the Golden Gate. When we reached California, Diana hired a Dusenbergracer and sped us to Hollywood where we found Wilma Block in her "Fashion Shoppe," displaying her latest models to noted screen stars. We were informed by Wilma that Sadye Gorsch had recently won a beauty contest and received a contract for five years with Paramount. We were also informed that

(Continued on page 42)

THE PIVOT

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued on page 41)

the University of California had for a philosopher, Dr. Goldie Nussenbaum. Elvira Minervina was a professor of Public Speaking. Mildred Edwards was a concert leader. We returned to our cruiser and set sail for the southern lands. We were now on our way to Mexico. Here we met William Kelley, who was leading a very happy life at the Kelley Ranch. Here we also met Rebecca Horowitz and Anna Kazanjian, who were teaching in the town schools.

We continued our journey in Central America. Here we were greeted by Alfred Volk, the now prominent banker and Mayor of Panama. He told us that he had motored to the dock with Florence Finkelstein, the daring chauffeuse.

Next was South America. We sailed down the western Coast. We were informed by Evelyn Rieff, stenographer of the Great Chili Sauce Concern, that Gissela Roskos and Celia Levin had organized this corporation.

We then left for Argentina, "Tango Land." We visited one of the great dance halls, and witnessed a tango exhibition given by Agnes Mazzi, world-famed dancer, who informed us that Gladys Levenson was rehearsing on the season's opening play, "The Lady in Squirrel." We left Argentina and sailed around the continent to Brazil where Marguerite Hahn was the first lady business manager in the Coffee Syndicate. This was the last. We were to set sail for home. We were now "homeward bound." We were to stop at Cuba to see the "Havana Handicap." When we got there, we registered at a hotel, and were introduced to Myn Hirschfield and Marie Argalas, the latter a retired social secretary to Mrs. Goelet, the former, a retired dancing instructress. This is a supposed secret but before going to the "Handicap" we dropped in to see the famous Cuban Bootlegger, a former Centralite, Rodney Burnett. We were now almost home and were tired out, so we remained in the salon where we were entertained by a radio concert, "Miserere," sung by Anna Fishbein. Sylvia Rosenberg gave a talk upon Concentration, and last but not least we heard from Ida Ranucci upon the subject "How to Stay Thin." To our surprise while we were resting on deck we looked up and saw Pauline Barenbaum, the noted aviatrix speeding over us in her aeroplane. On recognizing our good ship "Pivot," she began to exhibit her skill in sky-writing:

High above the busy city,
Far beyond all touch of ill,
Sits enthroned our Alma Mater
Our dear Lady of the hill.

REFRAIN:

Lift the chorus, send it swelling
With a leal and loyal will,
And our bounty be the beauty
Of our Lady on the hill.

Tel Mul. 2739

SIDNEY T.

HOLT

BROAD and CEDAR STS.

CLASS, FRAT AND
SORORITY PINS
AND RINGS

Medals, Loving Cups and
Trophies

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The Newark Technical School

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Phone Mulberry 162

THE PIVOT

CLASS WILL

We, the sorely tried, prospective graduates of the class of November 1923, of Central Commercial and Manual Training High School of Newark, N. J., bequeath the below mentioned items to those who follow in our sorrowful wake:

ARTICLE I. To those who desire to struggle through the required years of a high school course (and maybe more) we leave our beloved Alma Mater.

ARTICLE II. To those who are desirous of inspiration and success we leave our revered, respected and highly esteemed principal Mr. Wiener. May they be as successful as we have been under his supervision.

ARTICLE III. To those who wish advice and assistance we leave Miss Lavers, our faculty advisor.

ARTICLE IV. What is left of the PIVOT we leave to those who wish to insert their wisdom or nonsensicalness.

ARTICLE V. To those who would aspire to great things for Central High we leave our trophy collection. May they add more to adorn the cases.

ARTICLE VI. We hand down to our freshmen the insatiable fund for the organ, with the hope that by the time they are Seniors they will have filled the quota.

ARTICLE VII. We leave the Freshmen to the mercy of the Sophomores.

ARTICLE VIII. To the Juniors we leave the dreams that they may some day become dignified Seniors.

ARTICLE IX. To the coming 4A's we leave our places, hoping that they will fill them with as much dignity as we did. (We know they will not.)

ARTICLE X. We leave rooms 108 and 217 to those who have yet to learn that school begins at 8:20.

ARTICLE XI. To the pupils of rooms 301 and 303 we leave the appetizing aroma which issues from the cooking room.

ARTICLE XII. To the students of the second floor we leave the suffocating gases which are wafted from the chemical laboratory.

ARTICLE XIII. We leave to our successors the privilege of going up the down stairways and down the up stairways, hoping that they escape punishment as we did. (Sometimes.)

ARTICLE XIV. To those who wish to uphold Central's standards we leave our clubs. May they attend meetings as faithfully as we did.

ARTICLE XV. The bookroom—the most quiet and orderly room in Central with its never-ending line of students, we leave with its shelves which are always heavily laden.

Lastly: We do hereby appoint Mr. Wiener as our sole executor, being fully aware of his executive ability.

Signed,
MABEL GORDON,
Attorney-at-Law.

WITNESSES:

Margaret Grefer.
Marie Fiorito.

Phone Market 9430

Washington Florist

577 BROAD STREET
And Central Avenue
NEWARK, N. J.





ERASMUS DEFEATS CENTRAL IN OPENER

After a few weeks of practice, Coach Charley Schneider sent his cohorts to meet the Erasmus High Gridders. The Brooklynites managed to squeeze through a 6-0 victory. Central's line showed considerable promise, but the backfield exhibited many deficiencies. The backfield showed plenty of speed but, they lack heft. The only man who seemed to be able to pierce the line on either side was Jonah Goldberg, of the visitors.

The game was marred by numerous penalties and fumbles by both teams. In the first quarter Micky Harris produced one of the few thrills of the game. Taking a kick from Wade's toe on Central's twenty yard line, Harris made a thirty-yard run before he was dropped. On Central's kick to Erasmus' twenty yard line, Erasmus fumbled the ball and acting Captain Smith recovered the ball for Central.

The second period clearly showed the weakness of the Central backs. A foolish play by Shapiro practically gave Erasmus the game, when he thoughtlessly attempted to grasp the ball while it was rolling over the line. The ball was recovered by Erasmus, which smashed through the line a few minutes later. The last half was played without any gain for either side.

CENTRAL IN FORM

Central displayed its best form in downing the strong Dickinson pigskin-chasers, October 12th, at Jersey City.

Central shoved ahead to a winning score of 18 to 7.

Dickinson repeatedly tried to break through Central's line; but after finding that method futile, she resorted to an aerial attack.

Art Lustig, Central's crack center was all over the field and gave a great exhibition. He blocked a

kick at a critical moment, blocked a forward, and chalked up one touchdown. Lustig's performance proved him at present our strongest contender for all-State honors.

Central's other credits came from two safeties and a touchdown by Burnett.

Dickinson scored its touchdown on forward passes.

MONTCLAIR HOLDS CENTRAL

After playing four loosely contested quarters, the verdict reached was a scoreless tie. Miscues by both elevens were frequent. The blue and white outplayed Montclair throughout the game, and had the ball in the uptowners' territory most of the time.

The first thrill of the game came in the first quarter when Sol. Shapiro ran forty yards after eluding six Montclair men on the kick off. Montclair rarely used the forward pass, but depended mostly on line plunging.

In the third quarter Fat Smith was banished for slugging. Great credit must be given to Shapiro and Lustig for smearing up many of the uptowners' plays. The tough break of the game for Central came when "Piggy" Simandl booted the pigskin over the goal. but head linesman Callaid detected one of Central's ends off side and the kick went for naught. It was again clearly seen that Central's backfield lacked weight and trained football brains.

CENTRAL PREPARES FOR BASKETBALL

Central High this coming winter will have a very bright season. The most probable contenders for the quintet this fall will be Captain Sward, Wienchiens, Botnick, Sinandl, Mintz, Dilly, Krim and Burnett. The return of "Solly" Shapiro from the (1920-21) team will aid greatly.

THE PIVOT

SECOND TEAM DEFEATS DICKINSON BOXING TEAM LOOMING ON HORIZON SECONDS

The Central Second team just ran away with the Dickinson Seconds, defeating them by the score of 42 to 0. Coach Markham Smith, former Central High football star, was pleased with the showing his team made. "Mark" is claiming the State second team championship and issues a defy to all contenders. The entire second team played a bang-up game, the particular bright lights being Guarino on the line and Caprio and "Rabbit" Highton in the backfield.

CENTRAL SCRUBS BEAT SUNNYSIDE

The Central Second team defeated the South Side Second team in a thrilling game by the score of 12 to 0. The result was never in doubt, once the Central steam roller got going. The game revealed some remarkable talent in Caprio, Weinstein and Highton. Caprio is a brother of the more famous Dan, who is so well known to Central students. Guarino also played a bang-up game, smearing plays time and again. The entire team deserves a world of credit for their showing to date.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Pat—Have you christened your new baby?

Mike—We have.

Pat—An' what do you call it?

Mike—Hazel.

Pat—Sure, bad 'cess to ye, with two hundred and twenty-three saints to name the kid after you had to go after a nut.

TOO TIGHT

Henry—Those pants that you bought for me are too tight.

Mother—Oh! no, they aren't.

Henry—They are too, mother. They're tighter'n my own skin.

Mother—Now, now, Henry, you know that isn't so.

Henry—It is, too. I can sit down in my skin but I can't sit down in my pants.

Compliments of
MR. HEGEMAN'S HOME ROOM

With the absence of the cross-country team this year, an effort was made to start a boxing and wrestling team. This sport, though not as popular at high schools as at colleges, would make a great hit at Central. Should a boxing and wrestling team be formed here, Central would have the distinction of being first among the local schools in that movement.

Other schools most likely would follow our example, and Central would continue to hold the distinction of leading while other schools follow.

DOINGS OF FORMER CENTRAL ATHLETES

1. Bill Helbig is playing Varsity Football with Hugh Bezdek's Pennsylvania State Eleven.

2. Joe Krueger is likely to make the Michigan Varsity Eleven this fall.

3. Charles Gieske is playing freshman football at Pennsylvania State. He is considered the best freshman center in College ranks.

4. Barney Kaplin has enrolled at Michigan, where it is believed he will make Central shine both in football and in track.

5. Harry Meltzer is playing professional basketball with the Harrison Big Five.

WHY GO ON?

He didn't have a dollar,
He didn't have a dime,
That robs him of all interest
So I guess I'll end this rhyme.

The House with a Conscience
ARTHUR JOHNSON & CO.
Athletic Equipment Only
6 WEST PARK ST. 6
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF HAHNE'S

FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, GYM WEAR
Dependable goods fairly priced sold on a
"satisfaction guaranteed," basis backed up by
25 years of honest merchandising will solve
the question.
We carry a complete stock of athletic sup-
plies only. Ask for Central Discount.

THE PIVOT



Said the Clerk—Huh?
 She was distinctly a foreigner. She asked for
 talcum powder.
 “Mennen’s?” asked the clerk.
 “No. Vimmen’s.”
 “Want it scented?”
 “No, ay better take it with me.”

Sara F—I am so nervous. Tell me how I can
 cut my finger nails without cutting my fingers.
 Anna F—Hold the scissors with both hands.
 Bertha—The very idea! Why do you ask such
 a question?
 Rose—Oh, I happened to hear him say he liked
 your cheek.



4C's HOLD HAY RIDE

A Hay Ride to Pleasantdale, N. J., was given by the 4C Class on Friday, October 12. Dancing followed the ride. The Committee in charge of the affair included the officers, Hugh Schwartz, president; Sadie Goldberg vice-president; and May Smoleroff, secretary.

The officers were assisted by the following students: Morris Targer, Max Goldberg, Joe Rosenblum, Joseph Medresch, and all the girls in the class.

4 B's HOLD CHOCOLATE SALE

A candy sale is at present being held by the 4B Class to obtain funds for graduation. The class has chosen as faculty advisor Robert Remington of the physics department.

Officers of the Senior B's include Michael Fuchs, president; Anna Shank, vice-president; William Lessa, secretary, and Sam Geller, treasurer. The executive committee includes Rose Yanowitz, chairman; Esther Kobran, Sol Rosen, Bessie Schreiber, George Horwin, and Herbert I. Diamond.

CARTOON CLUB

Ed. O'Desky, Central's leading cartoonist, who can draw everything except a large salary, was elected president of the Cartoon Club at its organization meeting on October 11. Marie Fiorito, another good artist, was elected vice-president; Louise Voos, the organizer of the club, secretary; Emanuel Sosnow, treasurer; and Joseph Medresch, G. O. Delegate.

SWIMMING CLUB

Molly Brams was elected president of the Girls' Swimming Club at a recent meeting of the organization. Gladys Levenson, was elected vice-president and Edith Eisenberg, secretary. The girls go swimming at the East Side Pool every Tuesday afternoon.

SERVICE CLUB

Mitchell Rabstein was elected president at the re-organization meeting of the Central Service Club, defeating his opponent, Joseph Medresch by two votes. Emanuel Sosnow was elected vice-president and George Horwin, secretary.

Following committees were appointed: Freshman Rally; Joseph Medresch, chairman; Norman Frankel, assistant; English "C", George Horwin, and Entertainment, Morris Targer.

GIRLS' FRESHMAN RALLY

More than five hundred girls were present at the freshmen social given by the Girls' Service Club in the gymnasium. Social dancing, entertainment by songs, dances, and recitation were included in the program of the affair.

After dancing, Ethel Tombach, rendered several piano selections. Miss Minnie Liebshutz, sang several selections. Other talks were given by Mr. Wiener, Helen Eisner and Helen Dunworth, the president of the Girls' Service Club. Refreshments were served.

The social was arranged by Anna Starkman, chairman of the entertainment committee and Anna Kapp, the chairman of the refreshment committee.

A fellow who says it with flowers always has a florist who says it with bills.

SENIORETTES



AT LAST!! A PHOTO OF A SENIOR BIOLOGIST IN ACTION.



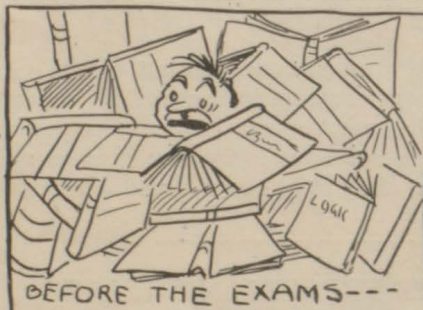
T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE GRADUATION AND ALL THRU THE NIGHT ET.



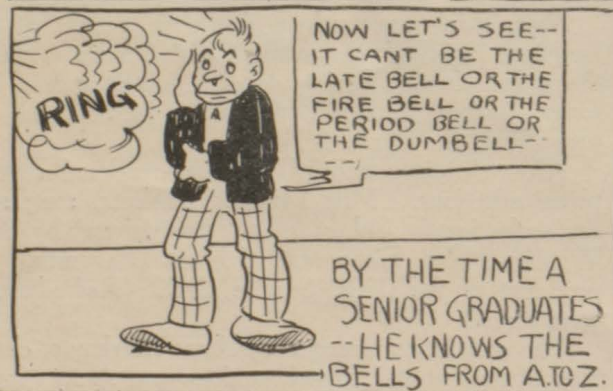
NEVERMORE!



SENIORS COMING TO SCHOOL IN 1950



BEFORE THE EXAMS---



BY THE TIME A SENIOR GRADUATES --HE KNOWS THE BELLS FROM A TO Z.



E. S. O'DESKY-23

THE PIVOT

CENTRALITES AT PLATTSBURGH

By MILTON WOLFE SMITH

When Col. Kerfoot came to Central, and announced that the C. M. T. C. would be open to the boys of the school, who were 17 years old or over there was much talk of "going away to be a soldier."

As if impelled by this boyish desire, Mr. Wiener arranged to permit those students who were scholastically eligible to realize their dream.

There ensued two centuries (or was it two months?) that were leaden footed, and boresome. Finally, however, the great moment arrived, when we received our O. K.'s from the office, and with beaming faces, and many joyous shouts, started for the ticket office. We tried to secure sleeping reservations on the Night Boat to Albany—but discovered that we were too late, so, undaunted we merely bought our tickets and prepared to leave.

All arrangements settled, we were ready to start our "Journey." A thrill in the very thought! Came the ride to the pier, many admonitions, repeated and excited good-byes—a whistle blows—we're off!!!

Now, the official arrangements provided passes for the Student Rookies on the Day Boat, but who would willingly forego the alluring charm of a Night Trip? None!! So that the prospect of staying awake all night because of a lack of staterooms didn't dampen our buoyant spirits the least bit. After a good meal in the Dining Salon we came up on deck with a company of N. Y. Students and joined a group of passengers who were enjoying the views of the river as they were disclosed by a powerful searchlight. Our interest soon waned, and we followed the strains of a stimulating fox-trot into the Dining Salon and dance until about 10:30 P. M. Now that the excitement was over, (or presumably over) we tried to arrange our sleeping quarters. They were very exclusive, I can tell you? No other passenger could boast of having spent the night regally esconsed on two or three camp-chairs placed end to end! At last the faint whisper of Dawn—and our misery was over.

We disembarked at Albany, and found that we had more than an hour before train-time, so had our breakfast, and went on a tour of the town. As you probably suspect, this nearly lost us the train but we ran for it, found seats, and made ourselves comfortable. The ride was scheduled to last about six hours, but, dear readers, please note that we were traveling on the D. & H. R. R. Don't hurry, R.R.

We found it to mean. The trip lasted over nine hours!

At last we arrived at Plattsburgh—ah! the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Camera-men were taking our pictures! With quickened pulses we marched to the barracks building under the guidance of a few officers. They marched us in at the front as full-fledged civilians and out of the rear—raw, ridiculous-looking recruits.

But the process involved to create this metamorphosis is to good to pass over so lightly.

We crossed the threshold of this chamber of quick-changes, a little bit proud, and very confident. This was soon overcome!

It is said that to divest a man of his raiment is to divest him of his dignity—we were thoroughly divested even unto our socks!

From the cavernous depths a voice suggestive of a roar from a cannon bellowed out: "What size shirt?"

"Fifteen," meekly. "Give him 17. Next!!!"

And—so we filed on. "What size blouse—38?" "Give 'im 40."

And then we were confronted by a soldier, who looked at us from the corner of his eye. And then he faced us, suspicion written on every line. We could feel ourselves redden—I myself am guilty of having thought of German spies, and conscientious objectors—and then he grabbed a hat from a huge pile of them, jammed it on the victim—"Next!" He had only been trying to judge the size of our heads!! Do you wonder that we emerged from this ordeal dazed and shaken?

When bed-time came, we were all ready for it, and having been assigned our tents, we turned in. We were just about "going strong" in the Land of Slumbers, when, in the middle of the night, or to be more specific, 5:30 A. M., we got our first taste of army life. The blowing of the ——— (oo——) (censored) bugle! To get into any army uniform is no cinch, and given ten minutes to accomplish this seemingly impossible feat in addition to washing up—wow!!

Our first day was spent in getting the remainder of our equipment, and being initiated into the true habits of camp life. We were taught to march, execute various commands, and perform military courtesy. We learned the use and mechanism of the rifle, camp sanitation, hygiene, etc., etc.

(Continued on page 50)

THE PIVOT

CENTRALITES AT PLATTSBURGH—(Continued from page 49)

They emphasize particularly the importance of being familiar with all parts of our rifles—every bolt—until we know them in our sleep. Then we were permitted to go on the "Rifle Range." Most of us have fired rifles in shooting galleries, so we labored under the impression that it was a simple thing. But! We were stationed on the firing-line, and took aim for our first shot. After the smoke cleared—we found ourselves about three feet in back of our original station (that is, three feet, more or less!) We all seemed to think, when it was over, that a bad tempered mule is a sweet creature as compared to the small-sized cannons we fired from our manly (?) shoulders.

The targets at which we aimed were manipulated from pits nine feet deep. When our company had finished with target-practice, we had to go into the pits to relieve the men who set the targets, and give them a chance to practice.

Then followed the most novel sensation we had as yet experienced. A bell rings, we raise the target. Another bell and—bang! whizz—plunk!—a bullet flies directly over our heads!!

A little curiosity, just enough to look over the parapet at the firing line is all that's necessary to be immediately transported precipitately into the realms of Heaven or Hades!

At this stage of the game, we were fairly good imitations of what a soldier looks like—we had our first review. Commanding Officer Colonel Roberts, and the General Staff representative, stated that in view of the short space of time in which we were trained, we made a fairly good showing. Hoorah for us!

After review came "chow" in the mess-hall (and "mess"—it was!) at the conclusion of which, we were free until 9:45. All lights out at 10. Some of us went to town, some to the movies, and some to the Y. M. C. A. There were lots of amusements in the form of dances, theatre, gatherings at the Hostess House, and the like, so that time never dragged. Over the week-ends, we were issued passes to visit Montreal or any other place we chose. Needless to say, we all availed ourselves of this splendid opportunity to attend the different points of interest in the vicinity.

About this time, we received news of the sad and sudden death of the late President Harding. Colonel Roberts delivered a talk on the Parade Grounds, which, in its solemnity and sincere realization of our great loss, impressed us beyond measure, and the memory of this occasion will live in the minds of all of us for all time.

Our last days at Camp were a Grand-Finale of the whole training course and took the form of a

20-mile hike. We were saddled with full packs, rifles and bayonets—all in all a burden of about 40 pounds. Then came a parade through the town in full regalia. A track meet, in which many of our boys won events, a "world series" for the baseball championship of the camp, and, on the next day, final review presentation of our "Honorable Discharges," and some of us were awarded medals for Sharpshooting or Marksmanship. Our last parade!

We then doffed the apparel of Uncle Sam, and became once more, just a group of young High School Students, fretting to get back to the fascinations and charming duties of our coming semester!

A farewell address by the Colonel—a last look at Plattsburgh—"All aboard"—we were on our way once more.

Did we enjoy it? *You bet we did!!* The whole forty of us who were students of Central High School!

A FEW RULES IN ETIQUETTE

In Literature—

If you are having a test, it is not considered by the teacher to be good taste to visit with your neighbor.

In Chemistry—

It is very careless to keep your book open when you are on the back seat.

In going through the 4th Floor Corridor—

Don't be so careless as to talk while passing through the 4th floor. Keep in mind that Mr. Mc-Millin is extremely sensitive regarding such a thing.

Lastly and don't forget—

Always speak to your teachers when you see them on the street. It's the little things that count—on our cards.

B I L L

Father calls me to breakfast,
Mother calls me to lunch,
Sister calls when she wants me,
And the "fellers" all call in a bunch,
Mr. Sinclair calls me to classes,
And the captain calls me to drill,
But of all the calls in whole wide world
Give me a call upon Lil.

MR. WIENER'S MORNING TALKS

"When I works for the boss, I runs all day. You bet I likes to go to continuation school—just to get a rest." Thus spoke one youthful worker to another, according to Mr. Wiener, friend of boys. Centralites, don't come to school to rest up!

Mr. Wiener announces about \$4,100 now invested in Liberty bonds to make money for the new Organ. When a big Organ factory in Baltimore called up and asked to give Central a twenty-seven thousand dollar organ for five thousand dollars and promises our executive answered, "When we have twenty thousand dollars, we'll put it out at interest for a year and let earn it twelve hundred. Then we'll buy the organ and let the company make the promises."

The Proctor Theatre party was a huge success. Centralites and Alumni make the next Proctor Party an overflow meeting.

Mr. Wiener spoke on October 23rd on the "Relation of the School Teacher to Life in Newark." Mayor Joseph E. Haynes, who was for years principal of Morton Street School, spent years working to get the present Pequannock water supply for Newark. It is interesting to know that Mr. Wiener was one of the analytical chemists at this time.

Doerflinger—Just one kiss, please.

H. Sommers—If I let you kiss me once you'll want to kiss me again.

Doerflinger—No, I won't.

Sommers—Then you don't deserve to kiss me at all.

O'Desky—I was talking to your girl yesterday.

Stempler—Are you sure you were doing the talking?

O'Desky—Yes.

Stempler—Then it wasn't my girl.

Dunworth—Dearie, I have bad news for you.

Yaffe—For me?

Dunworth—Yes. I was to a Fortune Teller this afternoon and she told me that I was going to marry a handsome man.

O'Desky—What is a good tonic for a fellow back in his studies?

Stempler—Ketchup is considered very good.

Katie Mann—(In bed, to the alarm clock as it goes off). I fooled you that time. I wasn't asleep at all.

Wilma—What animal is nearest to man?

Anna—The cootie.

GROWTH OF THE TYPEWRITER IS SUBJECT OF MORNING ADDRESS

On Friday, September 21, Mr. Harry C. Spillman, a representative of the Remington Typewriter Company, gave an inspiring and decidedly interesting address before the student body in commemoration of the invention of the typewriter. He took as his subject "The Growth of the Typewriter."

He —began his address by relating how Mr. Christopher Latham Sholes who invented the typewriter, with two of his associates were working on the invention of another machine when the idea struck them that it would be possible to construct a machine which would write letters rapidly, and that Mr. Sholes immediately started working to make such a machine. Mr. Spillman pointed out that while the first machine was necessarily very crude, and has since been subjected to countless improvements, yet that first machine contained all the basic elements necessary for a rapid writing-machine.

After a brief history of the stages through which the typewriter passed, Mr. Spillman went on to describe some of the wonderful results of the invention of the typewriter and what it had accomplished for mankind. He even went so far as to say that in his opinion the invention of the typewriter had meant more to the world than the invention of the printing press. His main point in this regard was that the typewriter had liberated woman, and had enabled her to take her rightful place beside man in the business world, that the typewriter had given her freedom.

Mr. Spillman mentioned how business had grown, how it had been speeded up since the invention of the typewriter. He stressed the fact that business was carried on today on such a scale and in such volume as could never be thought of apart from the modern typewriter.

Hiss address gave us a broader view of the possibilities and uses of the typewriter and of the place in the world that it occupies commercially and economically.

Mr. Spillman in his usual gracious manner delighted his hearers as he told them this fascinating story.

Stanton J. Ralston.

HEARD IN STENOGRAPHY

Mr. Cannold—I told you to do the homework three times so that it would sink in. From your recitations I think that it sunk so deep that you can't get it out.

Rose asked her dear friend Bertha, "Did Aaron kiss you last night?"

THE PIVOT

THE HOPEFUL GRADUATE

By FLORENCE FINKLESTEIN

At last a graduate am I!
I've reached the goal set years before,
I bid farewell to high school days,
Which surely I shall see no more.

I breathe a sigh for vanished years,
And yet, impatiently, I dream
Of future years and future goals,
So unattainable they seem.

I stand upon the brink tip-toe,
Half in, half out, I scarcely know,
With bated breath how to express
A last farewell to friends who go.

My mortal friends will soon forget,
The one who labored side by side,
But friends immortal I will keep,
They will within my soul abide.

The poets shed a kindly light
Upon a world so practical,
But I possess the glided wand
To make it all seemf magical.

WANTED

A fruit jar for Stemplar to preserve that grin,
A yeast cake for Helen Rabin to make her rise.
Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" for Mabel Weiss for
reduction.
A carload T. N. T. to speed Sarah Stein and
Katherine Vollman up.
A pair of sun-glasses to hide Anna Adler's vamping
eyes.
A box of Luden's for Elsie Lau to cure her cold.
An answer book to answer Ethyl Ginsberg's questions.

Pauline Barenbaum—I am going to get a watch
and time myself doing this letter.

Anna Adler—You don't want a watch; you want
a calendar.

Teacher—A fool always asks questions that a wise
man cannot answer.

Evelyn Rief—That is why I failed my examina-
tion.

Wise boy—I bet you a kiss, I'll steal a kiss from
you.

Mabel—And I bet two kisses you can't.

THANKSGIVING

This number of the PIVOT comes from the printer
as a Thanksgiving paean. We Seniors of Novem-
ber, 1923, are thankful indeed, and moved by grati-
tude to the Great Spirit of the American continent to
find ourselves so near our goal.

To us this season will ever connote three memories.
First, there is the glorious harvest of corn, of fruits,
of turkeys, and cranberry sauce. Especially, do we
see before us the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth,
where the early Fathers feasted with friendly Indians
and gave thanks.

Secondly, we view that great outburst of joy in
1918 called Armistice Day, when the whole world
broke forth into exultation that Armageddon had
ended.

Now it is given to us to reach a mountain top and
view all "the kingdoms of the world and the glory
of them."

In humble gratitude we ask of the Great Spirit
guidance into the paths of service and worthiness, that
we may prove our love for our *Alma Mater*.

—Anna Starkman.

There was once a goofy young swain,
Regarded by girls with disdain,
Till at football he played,
Kicked a goal, while fans prayed,
Now he keeps them away with a cane.

Teacher—That's the fourth time I've caught you
looking at Yaffe's paper. Stop it!

Targer—Yeah, but Yaffe is such a punk writer.

Ill fares the stude,
To approaching ills a prey,
With note books seven weeks behind
And exams but seven days away.

Those New York hold-up men are certainly clever.
You've got to hand it to them.

Gladys L—How old is that lamp, ma?

Mrs. L—Oh, about three years.

Gladys L—Turn it down, it is too young to
smoke.

Mabel Gordon—I am going to a bargain sale of
umbrellas, come along with me.

Marie Fiorito—Now, you don't suppose they will
put things down that are made expressly to put up?

THE PIVOT

BOYS' FRESHMAN RALLY

"A couple of mean bouts" were the feature of the Boys' Freshmen Rally held under the auspices of the Boys' Service Club on October 17.

The rally was opened by an address of welcome given by Mr. Wiener. Other talks included one by the president of the club, Mitchell Rabstein, a talk on school clubs by Emanuel Sosnow and a talk by "Jolly" Bill Steinke of the *Newark Ledger*.

Joseph Medresch is the chairman of the Freshmen Rally Committee with Norman Frankel as his assistant.

CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB

Recently the Literary Club of the school was honored by a visitor, Miss Julia Shawell, better known as the "Ledger Lady." Miss Shawell talked to the girls of the club on "Woman in Journalism." She, however, advised that a girl's first choice of a career should be marriage. The Ledger Lady aroused much enthusiasm in the club, and the meeting broke up reluctantly. So interested were the students in Miss Shawell, that the girls would not allow her to depart till late. The Literary Club expects Mr. Fauts, managing editor of the *Ledger*, to visit the organization soon.

The results of the last election are as follows:

President	Bertha Kanin
Vice-President	Louis Pollinger
Secretary	Pauline Barenbaum
Educational Director	Freda Sternberg

Miss Emma A. Bailly is the club's new faculty advisor. Programs are arranged each week by a program committee consisting of Marie Guthrie and Mildred Solomon.

CENTRAL BOOKROOM

Did you ever realize that one of the most important problems to contend with in a big institution such as Central, is the distribution of books to the entire student body?

Miss Loebel is chief manager of the bookroom, and has a student staff under her. Her assistants are: Volk, Torchinsky, Fisher, Goodman, Kesselhaut, Daniels and Lasser.

The experience obtained in running a bookroom, is a worthwhile opportunity for any student, as memory and speed play an important part of the day's work.



Shakespeare Says :

Good name in man
or woman dear is the
immediate jewel of
their souls.

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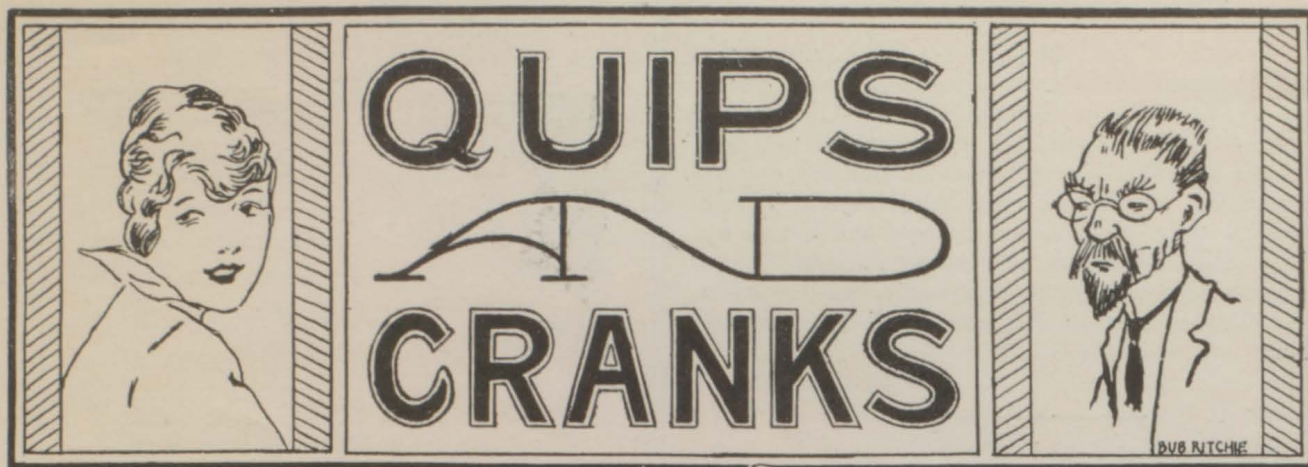
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G. Kaplan—I read in the papers that lady burglars are becoming quite popular.

O. Stempler—That so? Guess we ought to change our watchdog to a mouse then!

G. Kaplan—It is reported that due to the shortness of skirts there have been fewer accidents.

E. Sosnow—Why, it certainly would be wonderful if we had no accidents at all!

M. Grefer—You know that excuse you told me to spring on the boss when I was late this morning?

G. Kaplan—Yes, I said it was a sure fire excuse.

M. Grefer—It was. He sure fired me!

Mabel Gordon—Are balcony seats the best you could get?

Her Fiance—(sympathetically) Yes, Mabel, if they had had one orchestra seat left I would have taken it.

Kind Lady—What caused you to become a tramp?

Tramp—The family doctor, mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since.

Mabel—This six tons of coal doesn't look any more than three tons.

Margaret—I wouldn't report it to the office. The coal dealer is an ex-prize fighter.

Mabel—I'll bet that he was the light-weight champion of the world.

G. Roskos—A new disease recently discovered is similar to St. Vitus dance.

T. Osterweil—What is the nature of the plague?

G. Roskos—Why, they get us and make motions.

HEARD IN PHYSICS

Mr. Voglin had charge of a class of girls for experiments. They were using electricity, and one girl dropped her hairpin on the switch. It made a short circuit.

Mr. Voglin—I wish you girls would keep your hairpins in the switches where they belong.

Mr. Snodgrass—Who can give me a long sentence?

Weisberg—(Waking up)—The judge can, I reckon.

FOR BOYS ONLY

(Read backward)

Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you: This read would you knew I.

Marie Fiorito—Can a leopard change its spots?

M. Hirschfield—Yes, when it gets tired of sitting in one place it changes spots.

AUTHORITATIVE ADVICE

The Professor was strong for preparedness in all things. Meeting a student on the campus he said: "I hear you are to speak at the next meeting of the Debating Club."

"Yes, Professor."

"Saturate yourself with your subject, my boy, saturate yourself. By the way, what are you going to discuss?"

"Bootleg liquor."

THE PIVOT

OLD R. F. D.—(Continued from page 7)

you, Mrs. Jones? You're too good-hearted."

"Well, I——"

"You wouldn't Mrs. Jones—you couldn't—here's my own seventy-five dollars to make up the loss if you do think he took it."

"An' what d'ya want me to do—Miss Lizzie?"

"See! I have a taxi here—we'll drive down to the jail and settle it now."

"That's perfectly correct—how can they jail such a perfect old man?"

Drawing up to the jail, Miss Lizzie and Mrs. Jones entered the inspector's office.

"Mr. Smith, I wanta say that I jest found the mislaid letter—the one with the money which I reported lost—yes."

"Is that so?"

"Positively, Mr. Smith, nobody took it at all—I found it in my coat pocket with the seventy-five—jest like that."

"So we have a mistake on record?"

"Yes—I'm awfully sorry—I am, Mr. Smith."

An hour later Miss Lizzie, Pierre and the old R. F. D. were together. The old man radiated happiness as he said:

"The little homestead is waitin' there in Utah for all of us, fer me, fer my hoss, fer my son, and my son's wife. The sun is shining on a new life—we'll all be there together."

Marie Fiorito—You remind me of Venus de Milo.

He—But I have arms.

Marie Fiorito—Really ??????

Sosnow—I kissed her when she wasn't looking.

O'Desky—And what did she do?

Sosnow—Refused to look at me the rest of the evening.

Frank Megaro—If you are in doubt about kissing a girl what would you do?

Helen Dunworth—Give her the benefit of the doubt.

Pupil—King William was a bald-headed man when he died.

Miss Lavers—Why, John, I never said that.

Pupil—Yes, you said King William died without any (heirs) hairs.

Ethel Steinberg—They say popping the question is as hard as pulling teeth.

Mabel Weiss—Yes, and both operations are often performed without gas.

CITY THEATRE

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Week of Nov. 5....."Birds of Paradise"

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Douglas Fairbanks, Lynn Overland, Ernest Truex, Jobyna Howland, Dorothy McKay, Enid Mackey, all New York Players and others.

A noted doctor says that the secret of good health is to eat raw onions—but how can that be kept secret?

Pupil—I had to be away from school yesterday.

Teacher—You must bring an excuse.

Pupil—Who from?

Teacher—Your father.

Pupil—He ain't no good at making excuses. Ma catches him every time.

FORWARD

Questions to the right of me,
Questions to the left of me,
Questions in front of me,
Written and thundered,
Stormed at with "Why" and "Tell"
Badly I wrote, or well
Somehow my hopes all fell,
As into the jaws of hell,
Rode my one hundred.

Scientists estimate that the Pennsylvania coal deposits are 30,000,000 years old. It must be the rock of the ages that's been peddled for coal this year.

THE PIVOT

T. Osterweil—That speaker certainly made a hit.
M. Frefer—What did he talk about?
T. Osterweil—About ten minutes.

Small son—Father! Is the zebra a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes?

She—Don't you know why I refused you?
He—I can't even think.
She—That's the reason.

CENTRAL HIGH

By FANNIE RICKLAS

Thou, too, toil on, O Central High
Toil on, O Central, to the sky
The other schools are trying too,
But I am sure they'll ne'er out do.

You've toiled through years of joy and fame
Each year gained more, and won the game
You've faced defeat with hearty laugh
From students, teachers, and office staff.

In years to come I'm very sure,
You'll reach your aim which is ever pure
In future years when Newark is famed
Among the noted you'll be named.

You've lead in sports and good ideas
That'll be remembered throughout the years.
Your trophy case right in the hall
Proves many victories known to all.

Other schools have ideals too
But how do they compare with you?
Your educators are not bad,
They're of the best that can be hand.

Advance, dear Central, day by day.
Bring fame to students ever gay.
Bring fame, and joy, and grace and gold
To all the Centralites you mould.

T. Osterweil—Do you know what it is to go before an audience.

M. Gordon—No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did.

An oak leaf fell upon my foot,
To walk I wasn't able,
T'was solid oak, I'll say it was,
From our extension table.

Peyser—Do you think that you could learn to love me?

D. Axelrod—I am afraid not.

Peyser—'Tis as I feared, too old to learn.

Dunworth—Artie, are you very strong?

Lustig—Well, what can I do for you, little girl?

Dunworth—Oh, I was just wondering if you could break this \$20 bill.

Stovepipes always wear their last year's soot.

"My Sweetie Went Away."—Helen Dunworth.

"Mighty L'ak a Rose."—Bertha Kanin.

"Magic Eyes."—Marie Fiorito.

"Tiger Rose."—Emily Friedman.

"Where the Bamboo Babies Grow."—Fannie Ricklas.

"Just Like a Doll."—Rose Friedman.

"Seven or Eleven."—Artie Lustig.

"Lost." (a wonderful teacher)—Miss Lavers.

"Gang."—The Class.

"Dumbell."—Polonsky.

"Ritzie Mitzie."—Agnes Mazzei.

"Who will it be?"—Oscar Stemplar.

"True Blue Sam."—Ed. O'Desky.

"Blue Hoosier Blues."—Dina Axelrod.

"Girl that Men Forget."—Tillie Osterweil.

"Annebelle."—Eleanore Kousky.

"The Laundry Blues."—Louis Pollinger.

Anna Starkman—What a finely chiseled mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's face.

Aaron Yaffee—Well, give me an opportunity.

A sentinel was accused of sleeping on his watch. It couldn't be done, he said. "It was at the pawnbroker's.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you

Laugh, and you laugh alone,

First, when the joke is the teacher's

Next when the joke is your own.

Miss Lavers—What did Napoleon say when he retreated from Russia?

Sid Nurkin—We "Mos cow." (We must go).

HONOR AMONG THEIVES

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THE PIVOT



HONOR ROLL



102 A. M. Barborka, Joseph Fucks, Michael Hequembourg, Jerome Hoops, Charles Johnson, Charles Margardt, William McClinchie, Malcolm Schuster, Harry	206 A. M. Golden, Charles Lieberman, Sam	219 A. M. Wientroub, Dora	401 P. M. Liebig, Edward
104 A. M. Holmberg, Nathan	210 A. M. Grefer, Margaret Stein, Sara	301 A. M. Finklestein, Minnie Wells, Fred	402 P. M. Kaelkerei, Edna
109 A. M. Caprio, Lena Flynn, Mary Kantor, John	212 A. M. Cohen, Rubin Emde, Lucille	303 A. M. Freeman, Alice	403 P. M. Lang, Virginia Peene, Mildred Pfloom, Regina Schneider, Ernest
110 A. M. Goldber, Celia	213 A. M. Heller, Lillian Soratsch, Teddy	304 P. M. Worcester, Stuart	408 A. M. Jablouski, Helen Yablich, Ruth
202 A. M. Kanin, Bertha Krautblatt, William Ploehn, Margaret Stark, Julius	213 P. M. Seco, Ames	307 P. M. Epstein, Robert Maull, Viola	409 P. M. Zinski, Helen
202 P. M. Scoras, John	214 A. M. Fidel, Oscar	310 P. M. Kay, Dorothea O'Leary, William Waraft, Matilda	410 A. M. Bernstein, Sussie Bogner, Julia Mahringer, Francis
203 P. M. Komishane, Herman	215 A. M. Koscinska, Aniela	316 A. M. Stevens, Mildred Baccarro, Josephine Ehrinkrantz, Edith	410 P. M. Hlatky, Henry
204 P. M. Moehler, Evelyn Pilof, Florence Zickerman, Ruth	216 A. M. Cabanaugh, Alice Greler, Benj. Moore, Florence Smoleroff, Mary	317 A. M. Granick, Jessie Rose, Evelyne	411 A. M. Wickik, Paula Wellner, Bertha
	216 P. M. Alperm, Lawrence Kaplan, Harold Schlimbracco, Nicholas	317 P. M. Biendsman, Antar	413 A. M. Atheneos, John Lutsky, Sarah
	217 A. M. McCoach, William	318 P. M. Baur, Edward Ritger, John	415 P. M. Beck, Elizabeth
			417 P. M. Weinkler, William

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SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH
1. Adler, Anna	"Nita"	Blush	Chorus	Eyes	Screen	Vamped
2. Argalas, Marie	"Argy"	Work	Recreation	Quietness	Silent Partner	Safe
3. Axelrod, Dina	"Di"	Friends	Isolation	Nature	Author	Short Cut
4. Barenbaum, Pauline	"Pauly"	I Wonder	A Hobby	Gift of Gab	Suffragette	Talked
5. Beiner, Morris	"Bniey"	Solitude	Room	Red Hair	Husband	Sneaked
6. Block, Wilma	"Willie"	Gab	Tombs	Dimples	Model (Dress)	Smiled
7. Borts, Roselle	"Rose"	Height	Yeast	Talk	Telephone Operator	Delayed
8. Brams, Mollie	"Molly"	Sports	Work	Sweaters	Gym Teacher	Volleyed
9. Cohen, Dorothy	"Dot"	Looks	Beauty Parlor	Grin	Hash Slinger	Some one helped
10. Doerflinger, Wm.	"Will"	Physics	Leave School	Look	Teacher	Worked
11. Doyle, Helen	"Helen"	Geometry	"Trig"	Smile	Stage	Crowded
12. Dunworth, Helen	"Dunny"	"Doc"	Desert Isle	Activities	Show Manager	Ask her
13. Dvovres, Ruth	"Ruthie"	Shyness	Bomb	Size	School Marm	Jokes
14. Edwards, Mildred	"Mil"	"Blues"	Explosive	Brief Case	Wife	Foolish question
15. Fiorito, Marie	"Natascha"	"Live Wire"	Shock	Dignity	Mlle. Perrell	Drew her way
16. Finkelstein, Flo	"Flossy"	Car	Mechanic	Nose	Chauffeurette	Rode
17. Fischer, Morris	"Pinky"	Quietness	Live Wire	Googles	Treasurer	Old Story
18. Fishbein, Anna	"Fishy"	Disposition	Sanatorium	Frown	Nun	Crawled
19. Fosman, Sarah	"Sara"	Talk	Cooler	Everything	Old Ladies' Home	Same thing
20. Frawert, Minnie	"Min"	Studies	Follies	Books	Dean	Hard Job
21. Friedman, Emily	"My"	Friends	Convent	Blue Eyes	"Mildred Davies"	Deserved
22. Friedman, Rose	"Coddles"	Work	Vacation	Complexion	Actress	Took care
23. Gela, Benj.	"Ben"	Studies	Frat	Hair	Haberdashery	Unheard of
24. Geller, Stafford	"Staff e"	Frats	Sorority	Hair Comb	Floorwalker	Drawled
25. Gellington, Ann	"Ann"	Boys	Loew's	Face	Tall, dark and handsome	We wonder
26. Gerson, Anna	"Annie"	I love me	Who's sorry now	Voice	Waitress	Hustled
27. Girton, Zelda	"Zelda"	Height	Stretch-her	Glasses	History Teacher	Worked
28. Gordon, Mabel	"May"	Joe	Marriage	Dress	Franklin Simon Model	Merit
29. Guliano, Angeline	"Angi"	Sports	Recreation	Laugh	Wife of?	Ask faculty
30. Gorsch, Sadye	"Sae"	Personality	Grouch	Rosy Cheeks	Wife of?	???
31. Grefer, Margaret	"Margie"	Size	Gymnastics	Smile	Stage	Jokes
32. Gross, Pearl	"Pearly"	Me-I-My-Me	North Pole	Actions	Actress	Slipped
33. Hahn, Margaret	"Haha"	Work	An interest	Head Gear	Secretary	Ask teachers
34. Hirschfield, Myne	"Ohmin"	Tongue	Detention	Helpful	Fortune teller	Nobody knows
35. Hoffman, Herbert	"Herbie"	Stuck-up	Baffled	Errand Boy	Salesman	Ask L. C.
36. Horowitz, Rebecca	"Becky"	Quietness	Bomb	Solemn Look	Follies	Studied
37. Ilvento, Anthony	"Ant"	Ball Games	No team	Sports	Model husband	Batted
38. Kanin, Bertha	"Bert"	Big Boys	Marriage	Voice	Yelling for advs.	Loss of Voice
39. Kaplan, Gertrude	"Gert"	Cosmetics	Miss Rosecrans	Hats	Conductorette	Nobody cares
40. Kousky, Eleanore	"Kiki"	Noise	Silencer	Smile	Journalist	E. Z.
41. Kazanjian, Anna	"Ann"	Quietness	Jazz	Studies	Missionary	Rushed Through
42. Krautblatt, Wm.	"Will"	Solemnity	Football	Put off till tomorrow	Have to hustle	Hung around

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH
43. Lau, Elsie	"El"	Basketball	Rotten Team	Middies	Nothing else but—	Down in Gym
44. Levenson, Gladys	"Glady"	Friends	Fig! Isle	Make up	Painter	Looked sweet
45. Levin, Celia	"Celi"	Innocent looks	Natural one	Silence	Stenographer	Whispered
46. Lustig, Arthur	"Artie"	Sports of all sort	Remedy	Obliging	Coach	Goal
47. Mann, Katherine	"Kitty"	Sweetness	Lemons	Smile	Model Wife	On sweets
48. Martinka, Suzan	"Tinky"	Gold Tooth	Dentist	Solemn Look	Botanist	One guess
49. Marzei, Agnes	"Mitze"	Good Work	Follies	Clothes	Tango Dancer	Unexpected
50. Megaro, Frank	"Med"	"Frat"	Get thrown out	Goggles	Nice boy	Ask the girls
51. Meisler, Eva	"Eve"	Worries	New Mind	Kinky hair	Something	Nothing new
52. Michaelstein, Herman	"Curly"	Brown Suit	New One	Quietness	Musician	Same as sister
53. Minervino, Elvira	"Vira"	Solidite	T.N.T.	Walk	Nun	Unnoticed
54. Najarian, Rose	"Brownie"	No Push	Pep	Marks	Oil Maid	Shyness
55. Nussenbaum, Goldie	"Tootsie"	Height	Yeast	Cartoons	Professores	Deserved
56. O'Desky, Edward	"E'S'O"	Stempler	Drawing Stempler	Expressions	"Steinke"	Blew
57. Osterwell, Tillie	"Tij"	Brief Case	Lose It	Talk	Tooth Pick	Tell you later
58. Peyser, Lincoln	"Link"	Wavy hair	Stacomb	Glasses	Arrow Model	Made teacher
59. Pollinger, Louis	"Lou"	Nature	Wife		Married Young	Yes
60. Polonsky, Jacob	"Jake"	Speech	Doc. Mones	Line of talk	Salesman	Crawled
61. Rabin, Helen	"Baby"	Voice	Cough Drops	Sweet Voice	Somebody's baby	Vamped
62. Rannuci, Ida	"Nucy"	Lisp	Coach	Brief Case	Sunday school teacher	Lisped
63. Rickci, Fannie	"Ricci"	Ritz	Final	Earrings	Cake Eater	Three guesses
64. Reiff, Evelyn	"Evi"	Books	No Publishers	Voice	Typing Expert	Nobody Knows
65. Rosenberg, Sylvia	"Syl"	Expression	Comedy	Slowness	Nice Teacher	Slow motion
66. Roskos, Gisella	"Gizzy"	Shyness	Bomb	Friends	Friendly Delegate	Don't know
67. Schein, Irving	"Irv"	Physics	No homework	Studies	Mr. Voglin No. 2	Studied
68. Schneider, Bertha	"Berdie"	Loneliness	Friends	???	Hash slinger	Took her time
69. Schwarzman, Isadore	"Izzy"	You'd be surprised	???	Hands	Farmer	Eventually
70. Sauer, Charles	"Charlie"	History	Another subject	Nature	Good husband	As I was saying
71. Schumacher, Gustav	"Macky"	Curious	Inspiration	Hair	After dinner speaker	Another mistake
72. Seifer, Abe	"Abe"	Studies	Follies	Books	Book worm	Ask books
73. Shapiro, Herman	"Shap"	Looking important	Hard Work	Dramatic Actions	Marriage	Boomed
74. Sommer, Henrietta	"Ritz"	Head Band	No Bands	Walk	Walking delegate	Walked
75. Sommers, Harry	"Hen"	Girls	Sheik	Walk	Clerk	Worked
76. Sosnow, Emanuel	"Manny"	Grammar	Mr. H.	Looking important	Soap Box Orator	Not his fault
77. Stark, Julius	"Julie"	Slowness	Flapper	Manners	Nice boy	We wonder
78. Starkman, Anna	"Lou"	Work	Recreation	Teeth	Stage	Naturally
79. Stein, Sara	"Sar"	Too Quiet	Explosion	Size	Mamma's baby	You'd be surprised
80. Steinberg, Ethel	"Rigoletto"	Algebra	No School	Walk	Wife of R.	Ask Mr. Conklin
81. Sterner, Marjorie	"Margie"	Friends	Desert Isle	Friendliness	Silent Partner	Watchful waiting
82. Stemple, Oscar	"Occie"	L. S.	Someone else	Bay State	Dentist Sheik	Took his time
83. Trelease, Le Roy	"Roy"	Work	Hard Work	Feet	Shoe Salesman	Stepped over
84. Volk, Alfred	"Al"	Light suits	Dark One	Cash	Accountant	On cash
85. Vollman, Kate	"Katie"	I wonder	Now	Name	Gym Teacher	Rolled through
86. Volow, George	"Fatty"	Good Nature	Grouch	Size	Housemaid	???
87. Weiner, Anna	"Ann"	Love of Faculty	Graduation	Smile	Dean	Worked
88. Weiss, Mabel	"Pagliacci"	Ethel	Lose Ethel	Weight	Toe Dancer	Ask Mr. V.
89. Werle, Howard	"How"	Bashfulness	Opposite Sex	Guesses	Truant Officer	Never came
90. Winarsky, Ben.	"Ben"	Calmness	Action	Hair	Messenger boy	E. Z. Task
91. Yaffe, Aaron	"Big Boy"	K.K.K. Crowd	Ask B. K.	Length	Mayor of Harrison	Stalled

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W. Block—Why?

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Wilma Block—Who established the law of diminishing returns?

Anna Adler—Our laundry man.

Anna Adler—Heavens! My aunt is going to chaperone us tomorrow.

Wilma Block—Buy her a pair of O'Sullivan's—they will save her the ten-thousand shocks she is bound to receive.

Teacher—Where are the islands of Hawaii?

Pupil (just waking up)—What?

Teacher—Hawaii.

Pupil—Oh, I'm all right, thank you.

Wilma Block—(Inspecting unpainted woodwork.) Why, that looks terrible.

Anna Adler—So would you if you didn't have any on.

Teacher—What three words does every student use nearly every day?

Senior—I don't know.

Teacher—Correct.

Wilma B.—Do you like indoor sports?

Anna A.—Yes. But my father won't let them stay long.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Stafford Geller tells of an amusing occurrence that befell him about a year ago, when in his "shorties," ———. Feeling enriched after he had procured the first dollar bill of his life, he decided to venture forth to enjoy spending it. With his hair that looked bobbed, he entered the classy terminal barber shop. Being the only youngster in the tonsorial parlor he was the center of attraction. Seating himself upon a chair, he directed the artist to proceed to remove his locks.

With a haircut de luxe, he stepped off the chair leaving the barber waiting. Amidst the amusement of the onlookers, the Hero now scrambled in both pockets for the precious greenback, but to no avail. The barber waited while the crowd made remarks and smiled at the embarrassed face of the Hon. Geller. Suddenly with pride in his face he slowly withdrew his hand and presented a stage check to the barber. Turning about to put on his hat, he felt a tap on his shoulder. The smiling barber gently presented Geller with his first bill and roughly asked for payment.

After intense movements the boy again struggled and discovered an unknown hole in his pocket. He reached down to the bottom of his trousers and brought forth triumphantly the dollar bill.

FARE THEE WELL

By ANNA ADLER

Within thy halls we oft were glad
'Mid shouts and mirthful cheer;
But now we part and all are sad
O must we leave thee here?
We wander forth o'er paths unknown—
One goal we have attained.
O Alma Mater, faith thou'st shown
In us whose praise thou'st gained.
With grateful hearts we go our way
And leave what we revere;
'Mid tuneful bliss this merry day.
Our homage is sincere.

April fools bring home June Brides.

H. Rabin—What two kinds of fruit does a man like best.

C. Levin—I give up.

H. Rabin—A date with a peach.

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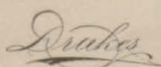
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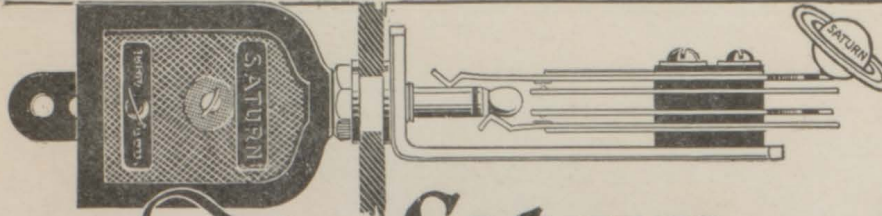
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